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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS HOOD.

WITH SOME

ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

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CONTENTS.

VOL. II.

	Page
Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg	1
A Tale of a Trumpet	96
The Irish Schoolmaster	128
The Forge	140
The Last Man	159
The Season	168
Love	169
Faithless Sally Brown	171
Faithless Nelly Gray	175
Bianca's Dream	179
The Demon Ship	191
Spring	197
The Flower	200
The Sea Spell	201
A Sailor's Apology for Bow Legs	207
The Bachelor's Dream	211
The Wee Man	215
Etching Moralized	218
Death's Ramble	229
The Progress of Art	232
A Fairy Tale	236
The Turtles	241
The Desert-Born	248
Love Lane	263

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Page
Domestic Poems..... 266
A Plain Direction..... 273
A Table of Errata..... 278
A Row at the Oxford Arms..... 283
Equestrian Courtship..... 292
An Open Question..... 294
Morning Meditations..... 303
A Black Job..... 305
Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire..... 314
Ode on a Distant Prospect of Clapham Academy..... 335
A Retrospective Review..... 340
A Morning Thought..... 344
On the Art-Unions..... 344

POEMS.

MISS KILMANSEGG AND HER PRECIOUS LEG.

A GOLDEN LEGEND.

"What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?"
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Her Pedigree.

To trace the Kilmansegg pedigree,
To the very roots of the family tree,
  Were a task as rash as ridiculous:
Through antediluvian mists as thick
As London fog such a line to pick
Were enough, in truth, to puzzle Old Nick,
  Not to name Sir Harris Nicholas.

It wouldn't require much verbal strain
To trace the Kill-man, perchance, to Cain;
  But waving all such digressions,
Suffice it, according to family lore,
A Patriarch Kilmansegg lived of yore,
  Who was famed for his great possessions.

Tradition said he feather'd his nest
Through an Agricultural Interest
In the Golden Age of Farming;
When golden eggs were laid by the geese,
And Colchian sheep wore a golden fleece,
And golden pippins—the sterling kind
Of Hesperus—now so hard to find—
Made Horticulture quite charming!

A Lord of Land, on his own estate,
He lived at a very lively rate,
But his income would bear carousing;
Such acres he had of pasture and heath,
With herbage so rich from the ore beneath,
The very ewe's and lambkin's teeth
Were turn'd into gold by browsing.

He gave, without any extra thrift,
A flock of sheep for a birthday gift
To each son of his loins, or daughter:
And his debts—if debts he had—at will
He liquidated by giving each bill
A dip in Pactolian water.

'Twas said that even his pigs of lead,
By crossing with some by Midas bred,
Made a perfect mine of his piggery.
And as for cattle, one yearling bull
Was worth all Smithfield-market full
Of the Golden Bulls of Pope Gregory.

The high-bred horses within his stud,
Like human creatures of birth and blood,
  Had their Golden Cups and flagons:
And as for the common husbandry nags,
Their noses were tied in money-bags,
  When they stopp'd with the carts and wagons.

Moreover, he had a Golden Ass,
Sometimes at stall, and sometimes at grass,
  That was worth his own weight in money—
And a golden hive, on a Golden Bank,
Where golden bees, by alchemical prank,
  Gather'd gold instead of honey.

Gold! and gold! and gold without end!
He had gold to lay by, and gold to spend,
Gold to give, and gold to lend,
  And reversions of gold *in futuro*.
In wealth the family revell'd and roll'd,
Himself and wife and sons so bold;—
And his daughters sang to their harps of gold
  "O bella eta del' oro!"

Such was the tale of the Kilmansegg Kin,
In golden text on a vellum skin,
Though certain people would wink and grin,
  And declare the whole story a parable—
That the Ancestor rich was one Jacob Ghrimes,
Who held a long lease, in prosperous times,
  Of acres, pasture and arable.

That as money makes money, his golden bees
Where the Five per Cents, or which you please,
When his cash was more than plenty—
That the golden cups were racing affairs;
And his daughters, who sang Italian airs,
Had their golden harps of Clementi.

That the Golden Ass, or Golden Bull,
Was English John, with his pockets full,
Then at war by land and water:
While beef, and mutton, and other meat,
Were almost as dear as money to eat,
And Farmers reaped Golden Harvests of wheat
At the Lord knows what per quarter!

Her Birth.

What different dooms our birthdays bring!
For instance, one little manikin thing
Survives to wear many a wrinkle;
While death forbids another to wake,
And a son that it took nine moons to make
Expires without even a twinkle!

Into this world we come like ships,
Launch'd from the docks, and stocks, and slips,
For fortune fair or fatal;
And one little craft is cast away

In its very first trip in Babbicome Bay,
While another rides safe at Port Natal.

What different lots our stars accord!
This babe to be hail'd and woo'd as a Lord!
And that to be shunn'd like a leper!
One, to the world's wine, honey, and corn,
Another, like Colchester native, born
To its vinegar, only, and pepper.

One is litter'd under a roof
Neither wind nor water proof,—
That's the prose of Love in a Cottage,—
A puny, naked, shivering wretch,
The whole of whose birthright would not fetch,
Though Robins himself drew up the sketch,
The bid of "a mess of pottage."

Born of Fortunatus's kin,
Another comes tenderly usher'd in
To a prospect all bright and burnish'd:
No tenant he for life's back slums—
He comes to the world as a gentleman comes
To a lodging ready furnish'd.

And the other sex—the tender—the fair—
What wide reverses of fate are there!
Whilst Margaret, charm'd by the Bulbul rare,
In a garden of Gul reposes—
Poor Peggy hawks nosegays from street to street,

Till—think of that, who find life so sweet!—
She hates the smell of roses!

Not so with the infant Kilmansegg!
She was not born to steal or beg,
Or gather cresses in ditches;
To plait the straw, or bind the shoe,
Or sit all day to hem and sew,
As females must, and not a few—
To fill their insides with stitches!

She was not doom'd, for bread to eat,
To be put to her hands as well as her feet—
To carry home linen from mangles—
Or heavy-hearted, and weary limb'd,
To dance on a rope in a jacket trimm'd
With as many blows as spangles.

She was one of those who by Fortune's boon
Are born, as they say, with a silver spoon
In her mouth, not a wooden ladle:
To speak according to poet's wont,
Plutus as sponsor stood at her font,
And Midas rock'd the cradle.

At her first *debut* she found her head
On a pillow of down, in a downy bed,
With a damask canopy over.
For although by the vulgar popular saw
All mothers are said to be "in the straw,"
Some children are born in clover.

Her very first draught of vital air
It was not the common chamelion fare
Of plebeian lungs and noses,—
No—her earliest sniff
Of this world was a whiff
Of the genuine Otto of Roses!

When she saw the light—it was no mere ray
Of that light so common—so everyday—
That the sun each morning launches—
But six wax tapers dazzled her eyes,
From a thing—a gooseberry bush for size—
With a golden stem and branches.

She was born exactly at half-past two,
As witness'd a time-piece in or-molu
That stood on a marble table—
Showing at once the time of day,
And a team of *Gildings* running away
As fast as they were able,
With a golden God, with a golden Star,
And a golden Spear, in a golden Car,
According to Grecian fable.

Like other babes, at her birth she cried;
Which made a sensation far and wide,
Ay, for twenty miles around her;
For though to the ear 'twas nothing more
Than an infant's squall, it was really the roar
Of a Fifty-thousand Pounder!

It shook the next heir
In his library chair,
And made him cry "Confound her!"

Of signs and omens there was no dearth,
Any more than at Owen Glendower's birth,
Or the advent of other great people:
Two bullocks dropp'd dead,
As if knock'd on the head,
And barrels of stout
And ale ran about,
And the village-bells such a peal rang out,
That they crack'd the village steeple.

In no time at all, like mushroom spawn,
Tables sprang up all over the lawn;
Not furnish'd scantily or shabbily,
But on scale as vast
As that huge repast,
With its loads and cargoes
Of drink and botargoes,
At the Birth of the Babe in Rabelais.

Hundreds of men were turn'd into beasts,
Like the guests at Circe's horrible feasts,
By the magic of ale and cider:
And each country lass, and each country lad,
Began to caper and dance like mad,
And even some old ones appear'd to have had
A bite from the Naples Spider.

Then as night came on,
It had scared King John,
Who considered such signs not risible,
To have seen the maroons,
And the whirling moons,
And the serpents of flame,
And wheels of the same,
That according to some were "whizzable."

Oh, happy Hope of the Kilmanseggs!
Thrice happy in head, and body, and legs
That her parents had such full pockets!
For had she been born of Want and Thrift,
For care and nursing all adrift,
It 's ten to one she had had to make shift
With rickets instead of rockets!

And how was the precious Baby drest?
In a robe of the East, with lace of the West,
Like one of Crœsus's issue—
Her best bibs were made
Of rich gold brocade,
And the others of silver tissue.

And when the Baby inclined to nap
She was lull'd on a Gros de Naples lap,
By a nurse in a modish Paris cap,
Of notions so exalted,
She drank nothing lower than Curaçoa,
Maraschino, or pink Noyau,
And on principle never malted.

From a golden boat, with a golden spoon,
The babe was fed night, morning, and noon;
And altho' the tale seems fabulous,
'Tis said her tops and bottoms were gilt,
Like the oats in that Stable-yard Palace built
For the horse of Heliogabalus.

And when she took to squall and kick—
For pain will wring and pins will prick
E'en the wealthiest nabob's daughter—
They gave her no vulgar Dalby or gin,
But a liquor with leaf of gold therein,
Videlicet,—Dantzic Water.

In short, she was born, and bred, and nurst,
And drest in the best from the very first,
To please the genteelest censor—
And then, as soon as strength would allow,
Was vaccinated, as babes are now,
With virus ta'en from the best-bred cow
Of Lord Althorpe's—now Earl Spencer.

Her Christening.

Though Shakspeare asks us, "What's in a name?"
(As if cognomens were much the same,)
There's really a very great scope in it.

A name?—why, wasn't there Doctor Dodd,
That servant at once of Mammon and God,
Who found four thousand pounds and odd,
A prison—a cart—and a rope in it?

A name?—if the party had a voice,
What mortal would be a Bugg by choice?
As a Hogg, a Grubb, or a Chubb rejoice?
Or any such nauseous blazon?
Not to mention many a vulgar name,
That would make a doorplate blush for shame,
If doorplates were not so brazen!

A name?—it has more than nominal worth,
And belongs to good or bad luck at birth—
As dames of a certain degree know.
In spite of his Page's hat and hose,
His Page's jacket, and buttons in rows,
Bob only sounds like a page of prose
Till turn'd into Rupertino.

Now to christen the infant Kilmansegg,
For days and days it was quite a plague,
To hunt the list in the Lexicon:
And scores were tried, like coin, by the ring,
Ere names were found just the proper thing
For a minor rich as a Mexican.

Then cards were sent, the presence to beg
Of all the kin of Kilmansegg,

White, yellow, and brown relations:
Brothers, Wardens of City Halls,
And Uncles—rich as three Golden Balls
From taking pledges of nations.

Nephews, whom Fortune seem'd to bewitch,
Rising in life like rockets—
Nieces whose doweries knew no hitch—
Aunts as certain of dying rich
As candles in golden sockets—
Cousins German, and Cousin's sons,
All thriving and opulent—some had tons
Of Kentish hops in their pockets!

For money had stuck to the race through life
(As it did to the bushel when cash so rife
Posed Ali Baba's brother's wife)—
And down to the Cousins and Coz-lings,
The fortunate brood of the Kilmanseggs,
As if they had come out of golden eggs,
Were all as wealthy as "Goslings."

It would fill a Court Gazette to name
What East and West End people came
To the rite of Christianity:
The lofty Lord, and the titled Dame,
All di'monds, plumes, and urbanity:
His Lordship the May'r with his golden chain,
And two Gold Sticks, and the Sheriffs twain,
Nine foreign Counts, and other great men

With their orders and stars, to help M or N
To renounce all pomp and vanity.

To paint the maternal Kilmansegg
The pen of an Eastern Poet would beg,
And need an elaborate sonnet;
How she sparkled with gems whenever she stirr'd,
And her head niddle-noddled at every word,
And seem'd so happy, a Paradise Bird
Had nidificated upon it.

And Sir Jacob the Father strutted and bow'd,
And smiled to himself, and laugh'd aloud,
To think of his heiress and daughter—
And then in his pockets he made a grope,
And then, in the fulness of joy and hope,
Seem'd washing his hands with invisible soap
In imperceptible water.

He had roll'd in money like pigs in mud,
Till it seem'd to have enter'd into his blood
By some occult projection:
And his cheeks, instead of a healthy hue,
As yellow as any guinea grew,
Making the common phrase seem true
About a rich complexion.

And now came the nurse, and during a pause,
Her dead-leaf satin would fitly cause
A very autumnal rustle—

So full of figure, so full of fuss,
As she carried about the babe to buss,
She seem'd to be nothing but bustle.

A wealthy Nabob was Godpapa,
And an Indian Begum was Godmamma,
Whose jewels a Queen might covet—
And the Priest was a Vicar, and Dean withal
Of that Temple we see with a Golden Ball,
And a Golden Cross above it.

The Font was a bowl of American gold,
Won by Raleigh in days of old,
In spite of Spanish bravado;
And the Book of Pray'r was so overrun
With gilt devices, it shone in the sun
Like a copy—a presentation one—
Of Humboldt's "El Dorado."

Gold! and gold! and nothing but gold!
The same auriferous shine behold
Wherever the eye could settle!
On the walls—the sideboard—the ceiling-sky—
On the gorgeous footmen standing by,
In coats to delight a miner's eye
With seams of the precious metal.

Gold! and gold! and besides the gold,
The very robe of the infant told
A tale of wealth in every fold,

It lapp'd her like a vapour!
So fine! so thin! the mind at a loss
Could compare it to nothing except a cross
Of cobweb with bank-note paper.

Then her pearls—'twas a perfect sight forsooth,
To see them, like "the dew of her youth,"
In such a plentiful sprinkle.
Meanwhile, the Vicar read through the form,
And gave her another, not overwarm,
That made her little eyes twinkle.

Then the babe was cross'd and bless'd amain;
But instead of the Kate, or Ann, or Jane,
Which the humbler female endorses—
Instead of one name, as some people prefix,
Kilmansegg went at the tails of six,
Like a carriage of state with its horses.

Oh, then the kisses she got and hugs!
The golden mugs and the golden jugs
That lent fresh rays to the midges!
The golden knives, and the golden spoons,
The gems that sparkled like fairy boons,
It was one of the Kilmansegg's own saloons,
But look'd like Rundell and Bridge's!

Gold! and gold! the new and the old!
The company ate and drank from gold,
They revell'd, they sang, and were merry;

And one of the Gold Sticks rose from his chair,
And toasted "the Lass with the golden hair"
In a bumper of golden Sherry.

Gold! still gold! it rain'd on the nurse,
Who, unlike Danäe, was none the worse;
There was nothing but guineas glistening!
Fifty were given to Doctor James,
For calling the little Baby names;
And for saying, Amen!
The Clerk had ten,
And that was the end of the Christening.

Her Childhood.

Our youth! our childhood! that spring of springs!
'Tis surely one of the blessedest things
That nature ever invented!
When the rich are wealthy beyond their wealth,
And the poor are rich in spirits and health,
And all with their lots contented!

There 's little Phelim, he sings like a thrush,
In the selfsame pair of patchwork plush,
With the selfsame empty pockets,
That tempted his daddy so often to cut
His throat, or jump in the water-butt—

But what cares Phelim? an empty nut
Would sooner bring tears to their sockets.

Give him a collar without a skirt,
That 's the Irish linen for shirt,
And a slice of bread, with a taste of dirt,
That 's poverty's Irish butter,
And what does he lack to make him blest?
Some oyster-shells, or a sparrow's nest,
A candle-end and a gutter.

But to leave the happy Phelim alone,
Gnawing, perchance, a marrowless bone,
For which no dog would quarrel—
Turn we to little Miss Kilmansegg,
Cutting her first little toothy-peg
With a fifty-guinea coral—
A peg upon which
About poor and rich
Reflection might hang a moral.

Born in wealth, and wealthily nursed,
Capp'd, papp'd, napp'd, and lapp'd from the first
On the knees of Prodigality,
Her childhood was one eternal round
Of the game of going on Tickler's ground
Picking up gold—in reality.

With extempore carts she never play'd,
Or the odds and ends of a Tinker's trade,

Or little dirt pies and puddings made,
Like children happy and squalid;
The very puppet she had to pet,
Like a bait for the "Nix my Dolly" set,
Was a Dolly of gold—and solid!

Gold! and gold! 'twas the burden still!
To gain the Heiress's early goodwill
There was much corruption and bribery—
The yearly cost of her golden toys
Would have given half London's Charity Boys
And Charity Girls the annual joys
Of a holiday dinner at Highbury.

Bon-bons she ate from the gilt cornet;
And gilded queens on St. Bartlemy's day;
Till her fancy was tinged by her presents—
And first a goldfinch excited her wish,
Then a spherical bowl with its Golden fish,
And then two Golden Pheasants.

Nay, once she squall'd and scream'd like wild—
And it shows how the bias we give to a child
Is a thing most weighty and solemn:—
But whence was wonder or blame to spring
If little Miss K.,—after such a swing—
Made a dust for the flaming gilded thing
On the top of the Fish Street column?

Her Education.

According to metaphysical creed,
To the earliest books that children read
For much good or much bad they are debtors—
But before with their A B C they start,
There are things in morals, as well as art,
That play a very important part—
"Impressions before the letters."

Dame Education begins the pile,
Mayhap in the graceful Corinthian style,
But alas for the elevation!
If the Lady's maid or Gossip the Nurse
With a load of rubbish, or something worse,
Have made a rotten foundation.

Even thus with little Miss Kilmansegg,
Before she learnt her E for egg,
Ere her Governess came, or her masters—
Teachers of quite a different kind
Had "cramm'd" her beforehand, and put her mind
In a go-cart on golden castors.

Long before her A B and C,
They had taught her by heart her L. S. D.
And how she was born a great Heiress;
And as sure as London is built of bricks,

My Lord would ask her the day to fix,
To ride in a fine gilt coach and six,
Like Her Worship the Lady May'ress.

Instead of stories from Edgeworth's page,
The true golden lore for our golden age,
Or lessons from Barbauld and Trimmer,
Teaching the worth of Virtue and Health,
All that she knew was the Virtue of Wealth,
Provided by vulgar nursery stealth
With a Book of Leaf Gold for a Primer.

The very metal of merit they told,
And praised her for being as "good as gold!"
Till she grew as a peacock haughty;
Of money they talk'd the whole day round,
And weigh'd dessert like grapes by the pound,
Till she had an idea from the very sound
That people with nought were naughty.

They praised—poor children with nothing at all!
Lord! how you twaddle and waddle and squall
Like common-bred geese and ganders!
What sad little bad little figures you make
To the rich Miss K., whose plainest seed-cake
Was stuff'd with corianders!

They praised her falls, as well as her walk,
Flatterers make cream cheese of chalk, [talk,
They praised—how they praised—her very small

As if it fell from a Solon;
Or the girl who at each pretty phrase let drop
A ruby comma, or pearl full-stop,
Or an emerald semi-colon.

They praised her spirit, and now and then,
The Nurse brought her own little "nevy" Ben,
To play with the future May'ress,
And when he got raps, and taps, and slaps,
Scratches, and pinches, snips, and snaps,
As if from a Tigress, or Bearess,
They told him how Lords would court that hand,
And always gave him to understand,
While he rubb'd, poor soul,
His carroty poll,
That his hair had been pull'd by "a *Hairess.*"

Such were the lessons from maid and nurse,
A Governess help'd to make still worse,
Giving an appetite so perverse
Fresh diet whereon to batten—
Beginning with A B C to hold
Like a royal playbill printed in gold
On a square of pearl-white satin.

The books to teach the verbs and-nouns,
And those about countries, cities, and towns,
Instead of their sober drabs and browns,
Were in crimson silk, with gilt edges;—
Her Butler, and Enfield, and Entick—in short

Her "Early Lessons" of every sort,
Look'd like Souvenirs, Keepsakes, and Pledges.

Old Johnson shone out in as fine array
As he did one night when he went to the play;
Chambaud like a beau of King Charles's day—
Lindley Murray in like conditions—
Each weary, unwelcome, irksome task,
Appear'd in a fancy dress and a mask—
If you wish for similar copies ask
For Howell and James's Editions.

Novels she read to amuse her mind,
But always the affluent match-making kind
That ends with Promessi Sposi,
And a father-in-law so wealthy and grand,
He could give cheque-mate to Coutts in the Strand;
So, along with a ring and posy,
He endows the Bride with Golconda off hand,
And gives the Groom Potosi.

Plays she perused—but she liked the best
Those comedy gentlefolks always possess'd
Of fortunes so truly romantic—
Of money so ready that right or wrong
It always is ready to go for a song,
Throwing it, going it, pitching it strong—
They ought to have purses as green and long
As the cucumber call'd the Gigantic.

Then Eastern Tales she loved for the sake
Of the purse of Oriental make,
And the thousand pieces they put in it—
But Pastoral scenes on her heart fell cold,
For Nature with her had lost its hold,
No field but the Field of the Cloth of Gold
Would ever have caught her foot in it.

What more? She learnt to sing, and dance,
To sit on a horse, although he should prance,
And to speak a French not spoken in France
Any more than at Babel's building—
And she painted shells, and flowers, and Turks,
But her great delight was in Fancy Works
That are done with gold or gilding.

Gold! still gold!—the bright and the dead,
With golden beads, and gold lace, and gold thread
She work'd in gold, as if for her bread;
The metal had so undermined her.
Gold ran in her thoughts and fill'd her brain,
She was golden-headed as Peter's cane
With which he walk'd behind her.

Her Accident.

The horse that carried Miss Kilmansegg,
And a better never lifted leg,
Was a very rich bay, call'd Banker—
A horse of a breed and a metal so rare,—
By Bullion out of an Ingot mare,—
That for action, the best of figures, and air,
It made many good judges hanker.

And when she took a ride in the Park,
Equestrian Lord, or pedestrian Clerk,
Was thrown in an amorous fever,
To see the Heiress how well she sat,
With her groom behind her, Bob or Nat,
In Green, half smother'd with gold, and a hat
With more gold lace than beaver.

And then when Banker obtain'd a pat,
To see how he arch'd his neck at that!
He snorted with pride and pleasure!
Like the Steed in the fable so lofty and grand,
Who gave the poor Ass to understand,
That *he* didn't carry a bag of sand,
But a burden of golden treasure.

A load of treasure?—alas! alas!
Had her horse but been fed upon English grass,

And shelter'd in Yorkshire spinneys,
Had he scour'd the sand with the Desart Ass,
Or where the American whinnies—
But a hunter from Erin's turf and gorse,
A regular thorough-bred Irish horse,
Why, he ran away, as a matter of course,
With a girl worth her weight in guineas!

Mayhap 'tis the trick of such pamper'd nags
To shy at the sight of a beggar in rags,
But away, like the bolt of a rabbit,
Away went the horse in the madness of fright,
And away went the horsewoman mocking the sight—
Was yonder blue flash a flash of blue light,
Or only the skirt of her habit?

Away she flies, with the groom behind,—
It looks like a race of the Calmuck kind,
When Hymen himself is the starter:
And the Maid rides first in the fourfooted strife,
Riding, striding, as if for her life,
While the Lover rides after to catch him a wife,
Although it's catching a Tartar.

But the Groom has lost his glittering hat!
Though he does not sigh and pull up for that—
Alas! his horse is a tit for Tat
To sell to a very low bidder—
His wind is ruin'd, his shoulder is sprung,

Things, though a horse be handsome and young,
A purchaser *will* consider.

But still flies the Heiress through stones and
dust,
Oh, for a fall, if fall she must,
On the gentle lap of Flora!
But still, thank Heaven! she clings to her seat—
Away! away! she could ride a dead heat
With the Dead who ride so fast and fleet,
In the Ballad of Leonora!

Away she gallops!—it 's awful work!
It 's faster than Turpin's ride to York,
On Bess that notable clipper!
She has circled the Ring!—she crosses the Park!
Mazeppa, although he was stripp'd so stark,
Mazeppa couldn't outstrip her!

The fields seem running away with the folks!
The Elms are having a race for the Oaks!
At a pace that all Jockeys disparages!
All, all is racing! the Serpentine
Seems rushing past like the "arrowy Rhine,"
The houses have got on a railway line,
And are off like the first-class carriages!

She 'll lose her life! she is losing her breath!
A cruel chase, she is chasing Death,
As female shriekings forewarn her:

And now—as gratis as blood of Guelph—
She clears that gate, which has clear'd itself
Since then, at Hyde Park Corner!

Alas! for the hope of the Kilmanseggs!
For her head, her brains, her body, and legs,
Her life 's not worth a copper!
Willy-nilly,
In Piccadilly,
A hundred hearts turn sick and chilly,
A hundred voices cry, "Stop her!"
And one old gentleman stares and stands,
Shakes his head and lifts his hands,
And says, "How very improper!"

On and on!—what a perilous run!
The iron rails seem all mingling in one,
To shut out the Green Park scenery!
And now the Cellar its dangers reveals,
She shudders—she shrieks—she 's doom'd, she feels,
To be torn by powers of horses and wheels,
Like a spinner by steam machinery!

Sick with horror she shuts her eyes,
But the very stones seem uttering cries,
As they did to that Persian daughter,
When she climb'd up the steep vociferous hill,
Her little silver flagon to fill
With the magical Golden Water!

"Batter her! shatter her!
Throw and scatter her!"
Shouts each stony-hearted chatterer!
"Dash at the heavy Dover!
Spill her! kill her! tear and tatter her!
Smash her! crash her!" (the stones didn't flatter her!)
"Kick her brains out! let her blood spatter her!
Roll on her over and over!"

For so she gather'd the awful sense
Of the street in its past unmacadamized tense,
As the wild horse overran it,—
His four heels making the clatter of six,
Like a Devil's tattoo, play'd with iron sticks
On a kettle-drum of granite!

On! still on! she's dazzled with hints
Of oranges, ribbons, and colour'd prints,
A Kaleidoscope jumble of shapes and tints,
And human faces all flashing,
Bright and brief as the sparks from the flints,
That the desperate hoof keeps dashing!

On and on! still frightfully fast!
Dover-street, Bond-street, all are past!
But—yes—no—yes!—they're down at last!
The Furies and Fates have found them!
Down they go with a sparkle and crash,
Like a Bark that's struck by the lightning flash—

There 's a shriek—and a sob—
And the dense dark mob
Like a billow closes around them!

* * * *

"She breathes!"
"She don't!"
"She 'll recover!"
"She won't!"
"She 's stirring! she 's living, by Nemesis!"
Gold, still gold! on counter and shelf!
Golden dishes as plenty as delf!
Miss Kilmansegg 's coming again to herself
On an opulent Goldsmith's premises!

Gold! fine gold!—both yellow and red,
Beaten, and molten—polish'd, and dead—
To see the gold with profusion spread
In all forms of its manufacture!
But what avails gold to Miss Kilmansegg,
When the femoral bone of her dexter leg
Has met with a compound fracture?

Gold may soothe Adversity's smart;
Nay, help to bind up a broken heart;
But to try it on any other part
Were as certain a disappointment,
As if one should rub the dish and plate,
Taken out of a Staffordshire crate—
In the hope of a Golden Service of State—
With Singleton's "Golden Ointment."

Her Precious Leg.

"As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined,"
Is an adage often recall'd to mind,
  Referring to juvenile bias:
And never so well is the verity seen,
As when to the weak, warp'd side we lean,
  While Life's tempests and hurricanes try us.

Even thus with Miss K. and her broken limb,
By a very, very remarkable whim,
  She show'd her early tuition:
While the buds of character came into blow
With a certain tinge that served to show
The nursery culture long ago,
  As the graft is known by fruition!

For the King's Physician, who nursed the case,
His verdict gave with an awful face,
  And three others concurr'd to egg it;
That the Patient to give old Death the slip,
Like the Pope, instead of a personal trip,
  Must send her Leg as a Legate.

The limb was doom'd—it couldn't be saved!
And like other people the patient behaved,
Nay, bravely that cruel parting braved,

Which makes some persons so falter,
They rather would part, without a groan,
With the flesh of their flesh, and bone of their bone,
They obtain'd at St. George's altar.

But when it came to fitting the stump
With a proxy limb—then flatly and plump
She spoke, in the spirit olden;
She couldn't—she shouldn't—she wouldn't—have wood!
Nor a leg of cork, if she never stood,
And she swore an oath, or something as good,
The proxy limb should be golden!

A wooden leg! what, a sort of peg,
For your common Jockeys and Jennies!
No, no, her mother might worry and plague—
Weep, go down on her knees, and beg,
But nothing would move Miss Kilmansegg!
She could—she would have a Golden Leg,
If it cost ten thousand guineas!

Wood indeed, in Forest or Park,
With its sylvan honours and feudal bark,
Is an aristocratical article:
But split and sawn, and hack'd about town,
Serving all needs of pauper or clown,
Trod on! stagger'd on! Wood cut down
Is vulgar—fibre and particle!

And Cork!—when the noble Cork Tree shades
A lovely group of Castilian maids,
'Tis a thing for a song or sonnet!—
But cork, as it stops the bottle of gin,
Or bungs the beer—the *small* beer—in,
It pierced her heart like a corking-pin,
To think of standing upon it!

A Leg of Gold—solid gold throughout,
Nothing else, whether slim or stout,
Should ever support her, God willing!
She must—she could—she would have her whim,
Her father, she turn'd a deaf ear to him—
He might kill her—she didn't mind killing!
He was welcome to cut off her other limb—
He might cut her all off with a shilling!

All other promised gifts were in vain,
Golden Girdle, or Golden Chain,
She writhed with impatience more than pain,
And utter'd "pshaws!" and "pishes!"
But a Leg of Gold! as she lay in bed,
It danced before her—it ran in her head!
It jump'd with her dearest wishes!

"Gold—gold—gold! Oh, let it be gold!"
Asleep or awake that tale she told,
And when she grew delirious:
Till her parents resolved to grant her wish,

If they melted down plate, and goblet, and dish,
The case was getting so serious.

So a Leg was made in a comely mould,
Of Gold, fine virgin glittering gold,
As solid as man could make it—
Solid in foot, and calf, and shank,
A prodigious sum of money it sank;
In fact 'twas a Branch of the family Bank,
And no easy matter to break it.

All sterling metal—not half-and-half,
The Goldsmith's mark was stamp'd on the calf—
'Twas pure as from Mexican barter!
And to make it more costly, just over the knee,
Where another ligature used to be,
Was a circle of jewels, worth shillings to see,
A new-fangled Badge of the Garter!

'Twas a splendid, brilliant, beautiful Leg,
Fit for the Court of Scander-Beg,
That Precious Leg of Miss Kilmansegg!
For, thanks to parental bounty,
Secure from Mortification's touch,
She stood on a Member that cost as much
As a Member for all the County!

Her Fame.

To gratify stern ambition's whims,
What hundreds and thousands of precious limbs
  On a field of battle we scatter!
Sever'd by sword, or bullet, or saw,
Off they go, all bleeding and raw,—
But the public seems to get the lock-jaw,
  So little is said on the matter!

Legs, the tightest that ever were seen,
The tightest, the lightest, that danced on the green,
  Cutting capers to sweet Kitty Clover;
Shatter'd, scatter'd, cut, and bowl'd down,
Off they go, worse off for renown,
A line in the *Times*, or a talk about town,
  Than the leg that a fly runs over!

But the Precious Leg of Miss Kilmansegg,
That gowden, goolden, golden leg,
  Was the theme of all conversation!
Had it been a Pillar of Church and State,
Or a prop to support the whole Dead Weight,
It could not have furnish'd more debate
  To the heads and tails of the nation!

East and west, and north and south,
Though useless for either hunger or drouth,—

The Leg was in everybody's mouth,
To use a poetical figure,
Rumour, in taking her ravenous swim,
Saw, and seized on the tempting limb,
Like a shark on the leg of a nigger.

Wilful murder fell very dead;
Debates in the House were hardly read;
In vain the Police Reports were fed
With Irish riots and *rumpuses*—
The Leg! the Leg! was the great event,
Through every circle in life it went,
Like the leg of a pair of compasses.

The last new Novel seem'd tame and flat,
The Leg, a novelty newer than that,
Had tripp'd up the heels of Fiction!
It Burked the very essays of Burke,
And, alas! how Wealth over Wit plays the Turk!
As a regular piece of goldsmith's work,
Got the better of Goldsmith's diction.

"A leg of gold! what of solid gold?"
Cried rich and poor, and young and old—
And Master and Miss and Madam—
'Twas the talk of 'Change—the Alley—the Bank—
And with men of scientific rank,
It made as much stir as the fossil shank
Of a Lizard coeval with Adam!

Of course with Greenwich and Chelsea elves,
Men who had lost a limb themselves,
  Its interest did not dwindle—
But Bill, and Ben, and Jack, and Tom
Could hardly have spun more yarns therefrom,
  If the leg had been a spindle.

Meanwhile the story went to and fro,
Till, gathering like the ball of snow,
By the time it got to Stratford-le-Bow,
  Through Exaggeration's touches,
The Heiress and Hope of the Kilmanseggs
Was propp'd on *two* fine Golden Legs,
  And a pair of Golden Crutches!

Never had Leg so great a run!
'Twas the "go" and the "Kick" thrown into
    one!
The mode—the new thing under the sun,
  The rage—the fancy—the passion!
Bonnets were named, and hats were worn,
A la Golden Leg instead of Leghorn,
    And stockings and shoes,
      Of golden hues,
  Took the lead in the walks of fashion!

The Golden Leg had a vast career,
It was sung and danced—and to show how near
  Low Folly to lofty approaches,
Down to society's very dregs,

The Belles of Wapping wore "Kilmanseggs,"
And St. Giles's Beaux sported Golden Legs
In their pinchbeck pins and brooches!

My First Step.

Supposing the Trunk and Limbs of Man
Shared, on the allegorical plan,
By the Passions that mark Humanity,
Whichever might claim the head, or heart,
The stomach, or any other part,
The Legs would be seized by Vanity.

There's Bardus, a six-foot column of fop,
A lighthouse without any light atop,
Whose height would attract beholders,
If he had not lost some inches clear
By looking down at his kerseymere,
Ogling the limbs he holds so dear,
Till he got a stoop in his shoulders.

Talk of Art, of Science, or Books,
And down go the everlasting looks,
To his crural beauties so wedded!
Try him, whenever you will, you find
His mind in his legs, and his legs in his mind,
All prongs and folly—in short a kind
Of fork—that is Fiddle-headed.

What wonder, then, if Miss Kilmansegg,
With a splendid, brilliant, beautiful leg,
Fit for the Court of Scander-Beg,
Disdain'd to hide it like Joan or Meg,
In petticoats stuff'd or quilted?
Not she! 'twas her convalescent whim
To dazzle the world with her precious limb,—
Nay, to go a little high-kilted.

So cards were sent for that sort of mob
Where Tartars and Africans hob-and-nob,
And the Cherokee talks of his cab and cob
To Polish or Lapland lovers—
Cards like that hieroglyphical call
To a geographical Fancy Ball
On the recent Post-Office covers.

For if Lion-hunters—and great ones too—
Would mob a savage from Latakoo,
Or squeeze for a glimpse of Prince Le Boo,
That unfortunate Sandwich scion—
Hundreds of first-rate people, no doubt,
Would gladly, madly, rush to a rout,
That promised a Golden Lion!

Her Fancy Ball.

Of all the spirits of evil fame
That hurt the soul or injure the frame,
And poison what 's honest and hearty,
There 's none more needs a Mathew to preach
A cooling, antiphlogistic speech,
To praise and enforce
A temperate course,
Than the Evil Spirit of Party.

Go to the House of Commons, or Lords,
And they seem to be busy with simple words
In their popular sense or pedantic—
But, alas! with their cheers, and sneers, and jeers,
They 're really busy, whatever appears,
Putting peas in each other's ears,
To drive their enemies frantic!

Thus Tories love to worry the Whigs,
Who treat them in turn like Schwalbach pigs,
Giving them lashes, thrashes, and digs,
With their writhing and pain delighted—
But after all that 's said, and more,
The malice and spite of Party are poor
To the malice and spite of a party next door,
To a party not invited.

On with the cap and out with the light,
Weariness bids the world good night,
At least for the usual season;
But hark! a clatter of horses' heels;
And Sleep and Silence are broken on wheels,
Like Wilful Murder and Treason!

Another crash—and the carriage goes—
Again poor Weariness seeks the repose
That Nature demands imperious;
But Echo takes up the burden now,
With a rattling chorus of row-de-dow-dow,
Till Silence herself seems making a row,
Like a Quaker gone delirious!

'Tis night—a winter night—and the stars
Are shining like winkin'—Venus and Mars
Are rolling along in their golden cars
Through the sky's serene expansion—
But vainly the stars dispense their rays,
Venus and Mars are lost in the blaze
Of the Kilmanseggs' luminous mansion!

Up jumps Fear in a terrible fright!
His bedchamber windows look so bright,
With light all the Square is glutted!
Up he jumps, like a sole from the pan,
And a tremor sickens his inward man,
For he feels as only a gentleman can,
Who thinks he's being "gutted."

Again Fear settles, all snug and warm;
But only to dream of a dreadful storm
From Autumn's sulphurous locker;
But the only electric body that falls,
Wears a negative coat and positive smalls,
And draws the peal that so appalls
From the Kilmanseggs' brazen knocker!

'Tis Curiosity's Benefit night—
And perchance 'tis the English Second-Sight,
But whatever it be, so be it—
As the friends and guests of Miss Kilmansegg
Crowd in to look at her Golden Leg,
As many more
Mob round the door,
To see them going to see it!

In they go—in jackets and cloaks,
Plumes, and bonnets, turbans, and toques,
As if to a Congress of Nations:
Greeks and Malays, with daggers and dirks,
Spaniards, Jews, Chinese, and Turks—
Some like original foreign works,
But mostly like bad translations.

In they go, and to work like a pack,
Juan, Moses, and Shacabac,
Tom, and Jerry, and Springheel'd Jack,
For some of low Fancy are lovers—
Skirting, zigzagging, casting about,

Here and there, and in and out,
With a crush, and a rush, for a full-bodied rout
In one of the stiffest of covers.

In they went, and hunted about,
Open mouth'd like chub and trout,
And some with the upper lip thrust out,
Like that fish for routing, a barbel—
While Sir Jacob stood to welcome the crowd,
And rubb'd his hands, and smiled aloud,
And bow'd, and bow'd, and bow'd, and bow'd,
Like a man who is sawing marble.

For Princes were there, and Noble Peers;
Dukes descended from Norman spears;
Earls that dated from early years;
And Lords in vast variety—
Besides the Gentry both new and old—
For people who stand on legs of gold,
Are sure to stand well with society.

"But where—where—where?" with one accord
Cried Moses and Mufti, Jack and my Lord,
Wang-Fong and Il Bondocani—
When slow, and heavy, and dead as a dump,
They heard a foot begin to stump,
Thump! lump!
Lump! thump!
Like the Spectre in "Don Giovanni!"

And lo! the Heiress, Miss Kilmansegg,
With her splendid, brilliant, beautiful leg,
In the garb of a Goddess olden—
Like chaste Diana going to hunt,
With a golden spear—which of course was blunt,
And a tunic loop'd up to a gem in front,
To show the Leg that was Golden!

Gold! still gold! her Crescent behold,
That should be silver, but would be gold;
And her robe's auriferous spangles!
Her golden stomacher—how she would melt!
Her golden quiver, and golden belt,
Where a golden bugle dangles!

And her jewell'd Garter? Oh, Sin! Oh, Shame
Let Pride and Vanity bear the blame,
That brings such blots on female fame!
But to be a true recorder,
Besides its thin transparent stuff,
The tunic was loop'd quite high enough
To give a glimpse of the Order!

But what have sin or shame to do
With a Golden Leg—and a stout one too?
Away with all Prudery's panics!
That the precious metal, by thick and thin,
Will cover square acres of land or sin,

Is a fact made plain
Again and again,
In Morals as well as Mechanics.

A few, indeed, of her proper sex,
Who seem'd to feel her foot on their necks,
And fear'd their charms would meet with checks
From so rare and splendid a blazon—
A few cried "fie!"—and "forward"—and "bold!"
And said of the Leg it might be gold,
But to them it look'd like brazen!

'Twas hard they hinted for flesh and blood,
Virtue, and Beauty, and all that 's good,
To strike to mere dross their topgallants—
But what were Beauty, or Virtue, or Worth,
Gentle manners, or gentle birth,
Nay, what the most talented head on earth
To a Leg worth fifty Talents!

But the men sang quite another hymn
Of glory and praise to the precious Limb—
Age, sordid Age, admired the whim,
And its indecorum pardon'd—
While half of the young—aye, more than half—
Bow'd down and worshipp'd the Golden Calf,
Like the Jews when their hearts were harden'd.

A Golden Leg! what fancies it fired!
What golden wishes and hopes inspired!

To give but a mere abridgment—
What a leg to leg-bail Embarrassment's serf!
What a leg for a Leg to take on the turf!
What a leg for a marching regiment!

A Golden Leg!—whatever Love sings,
'Twas worth a bushel of "Plain Gold Rings"
With which the Romantic wheedles.
'Twas worth all the legs in stockings and socks—
'Twas a leg that might be put in the Stocks,
N. B.—Not the parish beadle's!

And Lady K. nid-nodded her head,
Lapp'd in a turban fancy-bred,
Just like a love-apple, huge and red,
Some Mussul-womanish mystery;
But whatever she meant
To represent,
She talk'd like the Muse of History.

She told how the filial leg was lost;
And then how much the gold one cost;
With its weight to a Trojan fraction:
And how it took off, and how it put on;
And call'd on Devil, Duke, and Don,
Mahomet, Moses, and Prester John,
To notice its beautiful action.

And then of the Leg she went in quest;
And led it where the light was best;

And made it lay itself up to rest
In postures for painters' studies:
It cost more tricks and trouble by half,
Than it takes to exhibit a six-legg'd Calf
To a boothful of country Cuddies.

Nor yet did the Heiress herself omit
The arts that help to make a hit,
And preserve a prominent station.
She talk'd and laugh'd far more than her share;
And took a part in "Rich and Rare
Were the gems she wore"—and the gems were there,
Like a Song with an illustration.

She even stood up with a Count of France
To dance—alas! the measures we dance
When Vanity plays the Piper!
Vanity, Vanity, apt to betray,
And lead all sorts of legs astray,
Wood, or metal, or human clay,—
Since Satan first play'd the Viper!

But first she doff'd her hunting gear,
And favour'd Tom Tug with her golden spear,
To row with down the river—
A Bonze had her golden bow to hold;
A Hermit her belt and bugle of gold;
And an Abbot her golden quiver.

And then a space was clear'd on the floor,
And she walk'd the Minuet de la Cour,
With all the pomp of a Pompadour,
But although she began *andante*,
Conceive the faces of all the Rout,
When she finish'd off with a whirligig bout,
And the Precious Leg stuck stiffly out
Like the leg of a *Figuranté!*

So the courtly dance was goldenly done,
And golden opinions, of course, it won
From all different sorts of people—
Chiming, ding-dong, with flattering phrase,
In one vociferous peal of praise,
Like the peal that rings on Royal days
From Loyalty's parish-steeple.

And yet, had the leg been one of those
That dance for bread in flesh-colour'd hose,
With Rosina's pastoral bevy,
The jeers it had met,—the shouts! the scoff!
The cutting advice to "take itself off,"
For sounding but half so heavy.

Had it been a leg like those, perchance,
That teach little girls and boys to dance,
To set, poussette, recede, and advance,
With the steps and figures most proper,—
Had it hopp'd for a weekly or quarterly sum,
How little of praise or grist would have come
To a mill with such a hopper!

But the Leg was none of those limbs forlorn—
Bartering capers and hops for corn—
That meet with public hisses and scorn,
  Or the morning journal denounces—
Had it pleased to caper from morn till dusk,
There was all the music of "Money Musk"
  In its ponderous bangs and bounces.

But hark!—as slow as the strokes of a pump,
    Lump, thump!
    Thump, lump!
As the Giant of Castle Otranto might stump
  To a lower room from an upper—
Down she goes with a noisy dint,
For taking the crimson turban's hint,
A noble Lord at the Head of the Mint
  Is leading the Leg to supper!

But the supper, alas! must rest untold,
With its blaze of light and its glitter of gold,
  For to paint that scene of glamour,
It would need the Great Enchanter's charm,
Who waves over Palace, and Cot, and Farm,
An arm like the Goldbeater's Golden Arm
  That wields a Golden Hammer.

He—only He—could fitly state
The Massive Service of Golden Plate,
  With the proper phrase and expansion—
The Rare Selection of Foreign Wines—

The Alps of Ice and Mountains of Pines,
The punch in Oceans and sugary shrines,
The Temple of Taste from Gunter's Designs—
In short, all that Wealth with a Feast combines,
In a Splendid Family Mansion.

Suffice it each mask'd outlandish guest
Ate and drank of the very best,
According to critical conners—
And then they pledged the Hostess and Host,
But the Golden Leg was the standing toast,
And as somebody swore,
Walk'd off with more
Than its share of the "Hips!" and honours!

"Miss Kilmansegg!—
Full glasses I beg!—
Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg!"
And away went the bottle careering!
Wine in bumpers! and shouts in peals!
Till the Clown didn't know his head from his heels,
The Mussulman's eyes danced two-some reels,
And the Quaker was hoarse with cheering!

Her Dream.

Miss Kilmansegg took off her leg,
And laid it down like a cribbage-peg,
  For the Rout was done and the riot:
The square was hush'd; not a sound was heard;
The sky was gray, and no creature stirr'd,
Except one little precocious bird,
  That chirp'd—and then was quiet.

So still without,—so still within;—
    It had been a sin
    To drop a pin—
So intense is silence after a din,
  It seem'd like Death's rehearsal!
To stir the air no eddy came;
And the taper burnt with as still a flame,
As to flicker had been a burning shame,
  In a calm so universal.

The time for sleep had come at last;
And there was the bed, so soft, so vast,
  Quite a field of Bedfordshire clover;
Softer, cooler, and calmer, no doubt,
From the piece of work just ravell'd out,
For one of the pleasures of having a rout
  Is the pleasure of having it over.

No sordid pallet, or truckle mean,
Of straw, and rug, and tatters unclean;
But a splendid, gilded, carved machine,
That was fit for a Royal Chamber.
On the top was a gorgeous golden wreath;
And the damask curtains hung beneath,
Like clouds of crimson and amber.

Curtains, held up by two little plump things,
With golden bodies and golden wings,—
Mere fins for such solidities—
Two Cupids, in short,
Of the regular sort,
But the housemaid call'd them "Cupidities."

No patchwork quilt, all seams and scars,
But velvet, powder'd with golden stars,
A fit mantle for *Night*-Commanders!
And the pillow, as white as snow undimm'd,
And as cool as the pool that the breeze has skimm'd,
Was cased in the finest cambric, and trimm'd
With the costliest lace of Flanders.

And the bed—of the Eider's softest down,
'Twas a place to revel, to smother, to drown
In a bliss inferr'd by the Poet;
For if Ignorance be indeed a bliss,
What blessed ignorance equals this,
To sleep—and not to know it?
Oh, bed! oh, bed! delicious bed!

That heaven upon earth to the weary head;
But a place that to name would be ill-bred,
To the head with a wakeful trouble—
'Tis held by such a different lease!
To one, a place of comfort and peace,
All stuff'd with the down of stubble geese,
To another with only the stubble!

To one a perfect Halcyon nest,
All calm, and balm, and quiet, and rest,
And soft as the fur of the cony—
To another, so restless for body and head,
That the bed seems borrow'd from Nettlebed,
And the pillow from Stratford the Stony!

To the happy, a first-class carriage of ease,
To the Land of Nod, or where you please;
But alas! for the watchers and weepers,
Who turn, and turn, and turn again,
But turn, and turn, and turn in vain,
With an anxious brain,
And thoughts in a train
That does not run upon *sleepers!*

Wide awake as the mousing owl,
Night-Hawk, or other nocturnal fowl,—
But more profitless vigils keeping,—
Wide awake in the dark they stare,
Filling with phantoms the vacant air,
As if that Crook-back'd Tyrant Care
Had plotted to kill them sleeping.

And oh! when the blessed diurnal light
Is quench'd by the providential night,
To render our slumber more certain,
Pity, pity the wretches that weep,
For they must be wretched who cannot sleep
When God himself draws the curtain!

The careful Betty the pillow beats,
And airs the blankets, and smooths the sheets,
And gives the mattress a shaking—
But vainly Betty performs her part,
If a ruffled head and a rumpled heart
As well as the couch want making.

There 's Morbid, all bile, and verjuice, and nerves,
Where other people would make preserves,
He turns his fruits into pickles:
Jealous, envious, and fretful by day,
At night, to his own sharp fancies a prey,
He lies like a hedgehog roll'd up the wrong way,
Tormenting himself with his prickles.

But a child—that bids the world good night,
In downright earnest and cuts it quite—
A Cherub no Art can copy,—
'Tis a perfect picture to see him lie
As if he had supp'd on dormouse pie,
(An ancient classical dish by the by)
With a sauce of syrup of poppy.

Oh, bed! bed! bed! delicious bed!
That heaven upon earth to the weary head,
Whether lofty or low its condition!
But instead of putting our plagues on shelves,
In our blankets how often we toss ourselves,
Or are toss'd by such allegorical elves
As Pride, Hate, Greed, and Ambition!

The independent Miss Kilmansegg
Took off her independent Leg
And laid it beneath her pillow,
And then on the bed her frame she cast,
The time for repose had come at last,
But long, long, after the storm is past
Rolls the turbid, turbulent billow.

No part she had in vulgar cares
That belong to common household affairs—
Nocturnal annoyances such as theirs
Who lie with a shrewd surmising
That while they are couchant (a bitter cup!)
Their bread and butter are getting up,
And the coals—confound them!—are rising.

No fear she had her sleep to postpone,
Like the crippled Widow who weeps alone,
And cannot make a doze her own,
For the dread that mayhap on the morrow,
The true and Christian reading to balk,
A broker will take up her bed and walk,
By way of curing her sorrow.

No cause like these she had to bewail:
But the breath of applause had blown a gale,
And winds from that quarter seldom fail
To cause some human commotion;
But whenever such breezes coincide
With the very spring-tide
Of human pride,
There 's no such swell on the ocean!

Peace, and ease, and slumber lost,
She turn'd, and roll'd, and tumbled, and toss'd,
With a tumult that would not settle:
A common case, indeed, with such
As have too little, or think too much,
Of the precious and glittering metal.

Gold!—she saw at her golden foot
The Peer whose tree had an olden root,
The Proud, the Great, the Learned to boot,
The handsome, the gay, and the witty—
The Man of Science—of Arms—of Art,
The man who deals but at Pleasure's mart,
And the man who deals in the City.

Gold, still gold—and true to the mould!
In the very scheme of her dream it told;
For, by magical transmutation,
From her Leg through her body it seem'd to go,
Till, gold above, and gold below,

She was gold, all gold, from her little gold toe
To her organ of Veneration!

And still she retain'd, through Fancy's art,
The Golden Bow, and the Golden Dart,
With which she had play'd a Goddess's part
In her recent glorification.
And still, like one of the self-same brood,
On a Plinth of the self-same metal she stood
For the whole world's adoration.

And hymns of incense around her roll'd,
From Golden Harps and Censers of Gold,—
For Fancy in dreams is as uncontroll'd
As a horse without a bridle:
What wonder, then, from all checks exempt,
If, inspired by the Golden Leg, she dreamt
She was turn'd to a Golden Idol?

Her Courtship.

When leaving Eden's happy land
The grieving Angel led by the hand
Our banish'd Father and Mother,
Forgotten amid their awful doom,
The tears, the fears, and the future's gloom,

On each brow was a wreath of Paradise bloom,
That our Parents had twined for each other.

It was only while sitting like figures of stone,
For the grieving Angel had skyward flown,
As they sat, those Two, in the world alone,
With disconsolate hearts nigh cloven,
That scenting the gust of happier hours,
They look'd around for the precious flow'rs,
And lo!—a last relic of Eden's dear bow'rs—
The chaplet that Love had woven!

And still, when a pair of Lovers meet,
There 's a sweetness in air, unearthly sweet,
That savours still of that happy retreat
Where Eve by Adam was courted:
Whilst the joyous Thrush, and the gentle Dove,
Woo'd their mates in the boughs above,
And the Serpent, as yet, only sported.

Who hath not felt that breath in the air,
A perfume and freshness strange and rare,
A warmth in the light, and a bliss everywhere,
When young hearts yearn together?
All sweets below, and all sunny above,
Oh! there 's nothing in life like making love,
Save making hay in fine weather!

Who hath not found amongst his flow'rs
A blossom too bright for this world of ours,

Like a rose among snows of Sweden?
But to turn again to Miss Kilmansegg,
Where must Love have gone to beg,
If such a thing as a Golden Leg
Had put its foot in Eden!

And yet—to tell the rigid truth—
Her favour was sought by Age and Youth—
For the prey will find a prowler!
She was follow'd, flatter'd, courted, address'd,
Woo'd, and coo'd, and wheedled, and press'd,
By suitors from North, South, East, and West,
Like that Heiress, in song, Tibbie Fowler!

But, alas! alas! for the Woman's fate,
Who has from a mob to choose a mate!
'T is a strange and painful mystery!
But the more the eggs, the worse the hatch;
The more the fish, the worse the catch;
The more the sparks, the worse the match;
Is a fact in Woman's history.

Give her between a brace to pick,
And, mayhap, with luck to help the trick,
She will take the Faustus, and leave the Old Nick—
But her future bliss to baffle,
Amongst a score let her have a voice,
And she 'll have as little cause to rejoice,
As if she had won the "Man of her choice"
In a matrimonial raffle!

Thus, even thus, with the Heiress and Hope,
Fulfilling the adage of too much rope,
With so ample a competition,
She chose the least worthy of all the group,
Just as the Vulture makes a stoop,
And singles out from the herd or troop
The beast of the worst condition.

A Foreign Count—who came incog.,
Not under a cloud, but under a fog,
In a Calais packet's fore-cabin,
To charm some lady British-born,
With his eyes as black as the fruit of the thorn,
And his hooky nose, and his beard half-shorn,
Like a half-converted Rabbin.

And because the Sex confess a charm
In the man who has slash'd a head or arm,
Or has been a throat's undoing,
He was dress'd like one of the glorious trade,
At least when glory is off parade,
With a stock, and a frock, well trimm'd with braid,
And frogs—that went a-wooing.

Moreover, as counts are apt to do,
On the left-hand side of his dark surtout,
At one of those holes that buttons go through,
(To be a precise recorder,)
A ribbon he wore, or rather a scrap,
About an inch of ribbon mayhap,

That one of his rivals, a whimsical chap,
Described as his "Retail Order."

And then—and much it help'd his chance—
He could sing, and play first fiddle, and dance,
Perform charades, and Proverbs of France—
Act the tender, and do the cruel;
For amongst his other killing parts,
He had broken a brace of female hearts,
And murder'd three men in duel!

Savage at heart, and false of tongue,
Subtle with age, and smooth to the young,
Like a snake in his coiling and curling—
Such was the Count—to give him a niche—
Who came to court that Heiress rich,
And knelt at her foot—one need n't say which—
Besieging her Castle of *Sterling*.

With pray'rs and vows he open'd his trench,
And plied her with English, Spanish, and French
In phrases the most sentimental:
And quoted poems in High and Low Dutch,
With now and then an Italian touch,
Till she yielded, without resisting much,
To homage so continental.

And then the sordid bargain to close,
With a miniature sketch of his hooky nose,
And his dear dark eyes, as black as sloes,

And his beard and whiskers as black as those,
The lady's consent he requited—
And instead of the lock that lovers beg,
The Count received from Miss Kilmansegg
A model, in small, of her Precious Leg—
And so the couple were plighted!

But, oh! the love that gold must crown!
Better—better, the love of the clown,
Who admires his lass in her Sunday gown,
As if all the fairies had dress'd her!
Whose brain to no crooked thought gives birth,
Except that he never will part on earth
With his true love's crooked tester!

Alas! for the love that 's link'd with gold!
Better—better a thousand times told—
More honest, happy, and laudable,
The downright loving of pretty Cis,
Who wipes her lips, though there 's nothing amiss,
And takes a kiss, and gives a kiss,
In which her heart is audible!

Pretty Cis, so smiling and bright,
Who loves as she labours, with all her might,
And without any sordid leaven!
Who blushes as red as haws and hips,
Down to her very finger-tips,
For Roger's blue ribbons—to her, like strips
Cut out of the azure of Heaven!

Her Marriage.

'T was morn—a most auspicious one!
From the Golden East, the Golden Sun
Came forth his glorious race to run,
  Through clouds of most splendid tinges;
Clouds that lately slept in shade,
    But now seem'd made
    Of gold brocade,
  With magnificent golden fringes.

Gold above, and gold below,
The earth reflected the golden glow,
  From river, and hill, and valley;
Gilt by the golden light of morn,
The Thames—it look'd like the Golden Horn,
And the Barge, that carried coal or corn,
  Like Cleopatra's Galley!

Bright as clusters of Golden-rod,
Suburban poplars began to nod,
  With extempore splendour furnish'd;
While London was bright with glittering clocks,
Golden dragons, and Golden cocks,
    And above them all,
    The dome of St. Paul,
With its golden Cross and its Golden Ball,
  Shone out as if newly burnish'd!

And lo! for Golden Hours and Joys,
Troops of glittering Golden Boys
Danced along with a jocund noise,
And their gilded emblems carried!
In short, 'twas the year's most Golden Day,
By mortals call'd the First of May,
When Miss Kilmansegg,
Of the Golden Leg,
With a Golden Ring was married!

And thousands of children, women, and men,
Counted the clock from eight till ten,
From St. James's sonorous steeple;
For next to that interesting job,
The hanging of Jack, or Bill, or Bob,
There 's nothing so draws a London mob
As the noosing of very rich people.

And a treat it was for a mob to behold
The Bridal Carriage that blazed with gold!
And the Footmen tall, and the Coachman bold,
In liveries so resplendent—
Coats you wonder'd to see in place,
They seem'd so rich with golden lace,
That they might have been independent.

Coats that made those menials proud
Gaze with scorn on the dingy crowd,
From their gilded elevations;
Not to forget that saucy lad

(Ostentation's favourite cad),
The page, who look'd, so splendidly clad,
Like a Page of the "Wealth of Nations."

But the Coachman carried off the state,
With what was a Lancashire body of late
Turn'd into a Dresden Figure;
With a bridal Nosegay of early bloom,
About the size of a birchen broom,
And so huge a White Favour, had Gog been Groom,
He need not have worn a bigger.

And then to see the Groom! the Count!
With Foreign Orders to such an amount,
And whiskers so wild—nay, bestial;
He seem'd to have borrow'd the shaggy hair
As well as the Stars of the Polar Bear,
To make him look celestial!

And then—Great Jove!—the struggle, the crush,
The screams, the heaving, the awful rush,
The swearing, the tearing, and fighting,—
The hats and bonnets smash'd like an egg—
To catch a glimpse of the Golden Leg,
Which, between the steps and Miss Kilmansegg,
Was fully display'd in alighting!

From the Golden Ankle up to the Knee
There it was for the mob to see!

A shocking act had it chanced to be
A crooked leg or a skinny:
But although a magnificent veil she wore,
Such as never was seen before,
In case of blushes, she blush'd no more
Than George the First on a guinea!

Another step, and lo! she was launch'd!
All in white, as Brides are *blanch'd*,
With a wreath of most wonderful splendour—
Diamonds, and pearls, so rich in device,
That, according to calculation nice,
Her head was worth as royal a price
As the head of the Young Pretender.

Bravely she shone—and shone the more
As she sail'd through the crowd of squalid and poor
Thief, beggar, and tatterdemalion—
Led by the Count, with his sloe-black eyes
Bright with triumph, and some surprise,
Like Anson on making sure of his prize
The famous Mexican Galleon!

Anon came Lady K., with her face
Quite made up to act with grace,
But she cut the performance shorter;
For instead of pacing stately and stiff,
At the stare of the vulgar she took a miff,
And ran, full speed, into Church, as if
To get married before her daughter.

But Sir Jacob walk'd more slowly, and bow'd
Right and left to the gaping crowd,
Wherever a glance was seizable;
For Sir Jacob thought he bow'd like a Guelph,
And therefore bow'd to imp and elf,
And would gladly have made a bow to himself,
Had such a bow been feasible.

And last—and not the least of the sight,
Six "Handsome Fortunes," all in white,
Came to help in the marriage rite,—
And rehearse their own hymeneals;
And then the bright procession to close.
They were followed by just as many Beaux
Quite fine enough for Ideals.

Glittering men, and splendid dames,
Thus they enter'd the porch of St. James',
Pursued by a thunder of laughter;
For the Beadle was forced to intervene,
For Jim the Crow, and his Mayday Queen,
With her gilded ladle, and Jack i' the Green,
Would fain have follow'd after!

Beadle-like he hush'd the shout;
But the temple was full "inside and out,"
And a buzz kept buzzing all round about
Like bees when the day is sunny—
A buzz universal that interfered
With the rite that ought to have been revered,

As if the couple already were smear'd
With Wedlock's treacle and honey!

Yet Wedlock's a very awful thing!
'Tis something like that feat in the ring
Which requires good nerve to do it—
When one of a "Grand Equestrian Troop"
Makes a jump at a gilded hoop,
Not certain at all
Of what may befall
After his getting through it!

But the Count he felt the nervous work
No more than any polygamous Turk,
Or bold piratical skipper,
Who, during his buccaneering search,
Would as soon engage "a hand" in church
As a hand on board his clipper!

And how did the Bride perform her part?
Like any Bride who is cold at heart,
Mere snow with the ice's glitter;
What but a life of winter for her!
Bright but chilly, alive without stir,
So splendidly comfortless,—just like a Fir
When the frost is severe and bitter.

Such were the future man and wife!
Whose bale or bliss to the end of life
A few short words were to settle—

Wilt thou have this woman?
I will—and then,
Wilt thou have this man?
I will, and Amen—
And those Two were one Flesh, in the Angels'
ken,
Except one Leg—that was metal.

Then the names were sign'd—and kiss'd the
kiss:
And the Bride, who came from her coach a Miss,
As a Countess walk'd to her carriage—
Whilst Hymen preen'd his plumes like a dove,
And Cupid flutter'd his wings above,
In the shape of a fly—as little a Love
As ever look'd in at a marriage!

Another crash—and away they dash'd,
And the gilded carriage and footmen flash'd
From the eyes of the gaping people—
Who turn'd to gaze at the toe-and-heel
Of the Golden Boys beginning a reel,
To the merry sound of a wedding-peal
From St. James's musical steeple.

Those wedding-bells! those wedding-bells!
How sweetly they sound in pastoral dells
From a tow'r in an ivy-green jacket!
But town-made joys how dearly they cost;
And after all are tumbled and tost,

Like a peal from a London steeple, and lost
In town-made riot and racket.

The wedding-peal, how sweetly it peals
With grass or heather beneath our heels,—
For bells are Music's laughter!—
But a London peal, well mingled, be sure,
With vulgar noises and voices impure,
What a harsh and discordant overture
To the Harmony meant to come after!

But hence with Discord—perchance, too soon
To cloud the face of the honeymoon
With a dismal occultation!—
Whatever Fate's concerted trick,
The Countess and Count, at the present nick,
Have a chicken and not a crow to pick
At a sumptuous Cold Collation.

A Breakfast—no unsubstantial mess,
But one in the style of Good Queen Bess,
Who,—hearty as hippocampus,—
Broke her fast with ale and beef,
Instead of toast and the Chinese leaf,
And in lieu of anchovy—grampus!

A breakfast of fowl, and fish, and flesh,
Whatever was sweet, or salt, or fresh;
With wines the most rare and curious—
Wines, of the richest flavour and hue;

With fruits from the worlds both Old and New;
And fruits obtain'd before they were due
At a discount most usurious.

For wealthy palates there be, that scout
What is *in* season, for what is *out*,
And prefer all precocious savour:
For instance, early green peas, of the sort
That costs some four or five guineas a quart;
Where the *Mint* is the principal flavour.

And many a wealthy man was there,
Such as the wealthy City could spare,
To put in a portly appearance—
Men whom their fathers had help'd to gild:
And men who had had their fortunes to build
And—much to their credit—had richly fill'd
Their purses by *pursy-verance*.

Men, by popular rumour at least,
Not the last to enjoy a feast!
And truly they were not idle!
Luckier far than the chestnut tits,
Which, down at the door, stood champing their bits,
At a different sort of bridle.

For the time was come—and the whisker'd Count
Help'd his Bride in the carriage to mount,
And fain would the Muse deny it,

But the crowd, including two butchers in blue,
(The regular killing Whitechapel hue,)
Of her Precious Calf had as ample a view,
As if they had come to buy it!

Then away! away! with all the speed
That golden spurs can give to the steed,—
Both Yellow Boys and Guineas, indeed,
Concurr'd to urge the cattle—
Away they went, with favours white,
Yellow jackets, and pannels bright,
And left the mob, like a mob at night,
Agape at the sound of a rattle.

Away! away! they rattled and roll'd,
The Count, and his Bride, and her Leg of Gold—
That faded charm to the charmer!
Away,—through Old Brentford rang the din,
Of wheels and heels, on their way to win
That hill, named after one of her kin,
The Hill of the Golden Farmer!

Gold, still gold—it flew like dust!
It tipp'd the post-boy, and paid the trust;
In each open palm it was freely thrust;
There was nothing but giving and taking!
And if gold could ensure the future hour,
What hopes attended that Bride to her bow'r,
But alas! even hearts with a four-horse pow'r
Of opulence end in breaking!

Her Honeymoon.

The moon—the moon, so silver and cold,
Her fickle temper has oft been told,
  Now shady—now bright and sunny—
But of all the lunar things that change,
The one that shows most fickle and strange,
And takes the most eccentric range
  Is the moon—so call'd—of honey!

To some a full-grown orb reveal'd,
As big and as round as Norval's shield,
  And as bright as a burner Bude-lighted;
To others as dull, and dingy, and damp,
As any oleaginous lamp,
Of the regular old parochial stamp,
  In a London fog benighted.

To the loving, a bright and constant sphere,
That makes earth's commonest scenes appear
  All poetic, romantic, and tender:
Hanging with jewels a cabbage-stump,
And investing a common post, or a pump,
A currant-bush, or a gooseberry clump,
  With a halo of dreamlike splendour.

A sphere such as shone from Italian skies,
In Juliet's dear, dark, liquid eyes,

Tipping trees with its argent braveries—
And to couples not favour'd with Fortune's
boons
One of the most delightful of moons,
For it brightens their pewter platters and spoons
Like a silver service of Savory's!

For all is bright, and beauteous, and clear,
And the meanest thing most precious and dear,
When the magic of love is present:
Love, that lends a sweetness and grace
To the humblest spot and the plainest face—
That turns Wilderness Row into Paradise Place,
And Garlick Hill to Mount Pleasant!

Love that sweetens sugarless tea,
And makes contentment and joy agree
With the coarsest boarding and bedding:
Love that no golden ties can attach,
But nestles under the humblest thatch,
And will fly away from an Emperor's match
To dance at a Penny Wedding!

Oh, happy, happy, thrice happy state,
When such a bright Planet governs the fate
Of a pair of united lovers!
'Tis theirs, in spite of the Serpent's hiss,
To enjoy the pure primeval kiss,
With as much of the old original bliss
As mortality ever recovers!

There 's strength in double joints, no doubt,
In double X Ale, and Dublin Stout,
That the single sorts know nothing about—
And a fist is strongest when doubled—
And double aqua-fortis, of course,
And double soda-water, perforce,
Are the strongest that ever bubbled!

There 's double beauty whenever a Swan
Swims on a Lake, with her double thereon;
And ask the gardener, Luke or John,
Of the beauty of double-blowing—
A double dahlia delights the eye;
And it 's far the loveliest sight in the sky
When a double rainbow is glowing!

There 's warmth in a pair of double soles;
As well as a double allowance of coals—
In a coat that is double-breasted—
In double windows and double doors;
And a double U wind is blest by scores
For its warmth to the tender-chested.

There 's twofold sweetness in double pipes;
And a double barrel and double snipes
Give the sportsman a duplicate pleasure:
There 's double safety in double locks;
And double letters bring cash for the box;
And all the world knows that double knocks
Are gentility's double measure.

There's a double sweetness in double rhymes,
And a double at Whist, and a double Times
In profit are certainly double—
By doubling, the Hare contrives to escape:
And all seamen delight in a doubled Cape,
And a double-reef'd topsail in trouble.

There's a double chuck at a double chin,
And of course there's a double pleasure therein,
If the parties are brought to telling:
And however our Dennises take offence,
A double meaning shows double sense;
And if proverbs tell truth,
A double tooth
Is Wisdom's adopted dwelling!

But double wisdom, and pleasure, and sense,
Beauty, respect, strength, comfort, and thence
Through whatever the list discovers,
They are all in the double blessedness summ'd,
Of what was formerly double-drumm'd,
The Marriage of two true Lovers!

Now the Kilmansegg Moon—it must be told—
Though instead of silver it tipp'd with gold—
Shone rather wan, and distant, and cold,
And before its days were at thirty,
Such gloomy clouds began to collect,
With an ominous ring of ill effect,
As gave but too much cause to expect
Such weather as seamen call dirty!

And yet the moon was the "Young May Moon,"
And the scented hawthorn had blossom'd soon,
And the thrush and the blackbird were singing—
The snow-white lambs were skipping in play,
And the bee was humming a tune all day
To flowers as welcome as flowers in May,
And the trout in the stream was springing!

But what were the hues of the blooming earth,
Its scents—its sounds—or the music and mirth
Or its furr'd or its feather'd creatures,
To a Pair in the world's last sordid stage,
Who had never look'd into Nature's page,
And had strange ideas of a Golden Age,
Without any Arcadian features?

And what were joys of the pastoral kind
To a Bride—town-made—with a heart and mind
With simplicity ever at battle?
A bride of an ostentatious race,
Who, thrown in the Golden Farmer's place,
Would have trimm'd her shepherds with golden lace,
And gilt the horns of her cattle.

She could not please the pigs with her whim,
And the sheep wouldn't cast their eyes at a limb
For which she had been such a martyr:
The deer in the park, and the colts at grass,
And the cows unheeded let it pass;
And the ass on the common was such an ass,

That he wouldn't have swapp'd
The thistle he cropp'd
For her Leg, including the Garter!

She hated lanes, and she hated fields—
She hated all that the country yields—
And barely knew turnips from clover;
She hated walking in any shape,
And a country stile was an awkward scrape,
Without the bribe of a mob to gape
At the Leg in clambering over!

O blessed nature, "O rus! O rus!"
Who cannot sigh for the country thus,
Absorb'd in a worldly torpor—
Who does not yearn for its meadow-sweet breath,
Untainted by care, and crime, and death,
And to stand sometimes upon grass or heath—
That soul, spite of gold, is a pauper!

But to hail the pearly advent of morn,
And relish the odour fresh from the thorn,
She was far too pamper'd a madam—
Or to joy in the daylight waxing strong,
While, after ages of sorrow and wrong,
The scorn of the proud, the misrule of the strong,
And all the woes that to man belong,
The lark still carols the self-same song
That he did to the uncurst Adam!

The Lark! she had given all Leipsic's flocks
For a Vauxhall tune in a musical box;
And as for the birds in the thicket,
Thrush or ousel in leafy niche,
The linnet or finch, she was far too rich
To care for a Morning Concert to which
She was welcome without any ticket.

Gold, still gold her standard of old,
All pastoral joys were tried by gold,
Or by fancies golden and crural—
Till ere she had pass'd one week unblest,
As her agricultural Uncle's guest,
Her mind was made up and fully imprest
That felicity could not be rural!

And the Count?—to the snow-white lambs at play,
And all the scents and the sights of May,
And the birds that warbled their passion,
His ears, and dark eyes, and decided nose,
Were as deaf and as blind and as dull as those
That overlook the Bouquet de Rose,
The Huile Antique,
And Parfum Unique,
In a Barber's Temple of Fashion.

To tell, indeed, the true extent
Of his rural bias so far it went
As to covet estates in ring fences—

And for rural lore he had learn'd in town
That the country was green, turn'd up with
brown.
And garnish'd with trees that a man might cut
down
Instead of his own expenses.

And yet had that fault been his only one,
The Pair might have had few quarrels or none,
For their tastes thus far were in common;
But faults he had that a haughty bride
With a Golden Leg could hardly abide—
Faults that would even have roused the pride
Of a far less metalsome woman!

It was early days indeed for a wife,
In the very spring of her married life,
To be chill'd by its wintry weather—
But instead of sitting as Love-Birds do,
Or Hymen's turtles that bill and coo—
Enjoying their "moon and honey for two,"
They were scarcely seen together!

In vain she sat with her Precious Leg
A little exposed *à la* Kilmansegg,
And roll'd her eyes in their sockets!
He left her in spite of her tender regards,
And those loving murmurs described by bards,
For the rattling of dice and the shuffling of cards,
And the poking of balls into pockets!

Moreover he loved the deepest stake
And the heaviest bets the players would make;
And he drank—the reverse of sparely,—
And he used strange curses that made her fret;
And when he play'd with herself at piquet,
She found, to her cost,
For she always lost,
That the Count did not count quite fairly.

And then came dark mistrust and doubt,
Gather'd by worming his secrets out,
And slips in his conversations—
Fears, which all her peace destroy'd,
That his title was null—his coffers were void—
And his French Château was in Spain, or enjoy'd
The most airy of situations.

But still his heart—if he had such a part—
She—only she—might possess his heart,
And hold his affections in fetters—
Alas! that hope, like a crazy ship,
Was forced its anchor and cable to slip
When, seduced by her fears, she took a dip
In his private papers and letters.

Letters that told of dangerous leagues;
And notes that hinted as many intrigues
As the Count's in the "Barber of Seville"—
In short such mysteries came to light,

That the Countess-Bride, on the thirtieth night,
Woke and started up in affright,
And kick'd and scream'd with all her might,
And finally fainted away outright,
For she dreamt she had married the Devil!

Her Misery.

Who hath not met with home-made bread,
A heavy compound of putty and lead—
And home-made wines that rack the head,
And home-made liqueurs and waters?
Home-made pop that will not foam,
And home-made dishes that drive one from home,
Not to name each mess,
For the face or dress,
Home-made by the homely daughters?

Home-made physic, that sickens the sick;
Thick for thin and thin for thick;—
In short each homogeneous trick
For poisoning domesticity?
And since our Parents, call'd the First,
A little family squabble nurst,
Of all our evils the worst of the worst
Is home-made infelicity.

There 's a Golden Bird that claps its wings,
And dances for joy on its perch, and sings
With a Persian exultation:
For the Sun is shining into the room,
And brightens up the carpet-bloom,
As if it were new, bran new from the loom,
Or the lone Nun's fabrication.

And thence the glorious radiance flames
On pictures in massy gilded frames—
Enshrining, however, no painted Dames,
But portraits of colts and fillies—
Pictures hanging on walls which shine,
In spite of the bard's familiar line,
With clusters of "gilded lilies."

And still the flooding sunlight shares
Its lustre with gilded sofas and chairs,
That shine as if freshly burnish'd—
And gilded tables, with glittering stocks
Of gilded china, and golden clocks,
Toy, and trinket, and musical box,
That Peace and Paris have furnish'd.

And lo! with the brightest gleam of all
The glowing sunbeam is seen to fall
On an object as rare as splendid—
The golden foot of the Golden Leg
Of the Countess—once Miss Kilmansegg—
But there all sunshine is ended.

Her cheek is pale, and her eye is dim,
And downward cast, yet not at the limb,
  Once the centre of all speculation;
But downward drooping in comfort's dearth,
As gloomy thoughts are drawn to the earth—
Whence human sorrows derive their birth—
  By a moral gravitation.

Her golden hair is out of its braids,
And her sighs betray the gloomy shades
  That her evil planet revolves in—
And tears are falling that catch a gleam
So bright as they drop in the sunny beam,
That tears of *aqua regia* they seem,
  The water that gold dissolves in!

Yet, not in filial grief were shed
  Those tears for a mother's insanity;
Nor yet because her father was dead,
For the bowing Sir Jacob had bow'd his head,
  To Death—with his usual urbanity;
The waters that down her visage rill'd
Were drops of unrectified spirit distill'd
  From the limbec of Pride and Vanity.

Tears that fell alone and uncheckt,
Without relief, and without respect,
Like the fabled pearls that the pigs neglect,
  When pigs have that opportunity—
And of all the griefs that mortals share,

The one that seems the hardest to bear
Is the grief without community.

How bless'd the heart that has a friend
A sympathizing ear to lend
To troubles too great to smother!
For as ale and porter, when flat, are restored
Till a sparkling bubbling head they afford,
So sorrow is cheer'd by being pour'd
From one vessel into another.

But friend or gossip she had not one
To hear the vile deeds that the Count had done,
How night after night he rambled;
And how she had learn'd by sad degrees
That he drank, and smoked, and worse than these,
That he "swindled, intrigued, and gambled."

How he kiss'd the maids, and sparr'd with John;
And came to bed with his garments on;
With other offences as heinous—
And brought *strange* gentlemen home to dine,
That he said were in the Fancy Line,
And they fancied spirits instead of wine,
And call'd her lap-dog "Venus!"

Of "making a book" how he made a stir,
But never had written a line to her,
Once his idol and Cara Sposa:
And how he had storm'd, and treated her ill,

Because she refused to go down to a mill,
She didn't know where, but remember'd still
That the Miller's name was Mendoza.

How often he waked her up at night,
And oftener still by the morning light,
Reeling home from his haunts unlawful;
Singing songs that shouldn't be sung,
Except by beggars and thieves unhung—
Or volleying oaths, that a foreign tongue
Made still more horrid and awful!

How oft, instead of otto of rose,
With vulgar smells he offended her nose,
From gin, tobacco, and onion!
And then how wildly he used to stare!
And shake his fist at nothing, and swear,—
And pluck by the handful his shaggy hair,
Till he look'd like a study of Giant Despair
For a new Edition of Bunyan!

For dice will run the contrary way,
As well is known to all who play,
And cards will conspire as in treason:
And what with keeping a hunting-box,
Following fox—
Friends in flocks,
Burgundies, Hocks,
From London Docks;
Stultz's frocks,

Manton and Nock's
Barrels and locks,
Shooting blue rocks,
Trainers and jocks,
Buskins and socks,
Pugilistical knocks,
And fighting-cocks,
If he found himself short in funds and stocks,
These rhymes will furnish the reason!

His friends, indeed, were falling away—
Friends who insist on play or pay—
And he fear'd at no very distant day
To be cut by Lord and by cadger,
As one who was gone or going to smash,
For his checks no longer drew the cash,
Because, as his comrades explain'd in flash,
"He had overdrawn his badger."

Gold, gold—alas! for the gold
Spent where souls are bought and sold,
In Vice's Walpurgis revel!
Alas! for muffles, and bulldogs, and guns,
The leg that walks, and the leg that runs,
All real evils, though Fancy ones,
When they lead to debt, dishonour, and duns,
Nay, to death, and perchance the devil!

Alas! for the last of a Golden race!
Had she cried her wrongs in the market-place,

She had warrant for all her clamour—
For the worst of rogues, and brutes, and rakes,
Was breaking her heart by constant aches,
With as little remorse as the Pauper who breaks
A flint with a parish hammer!

Her Last Will.

Now the Precious Leg while cash was flush,
Or the Count's acceptance worth a rush,
Had never excited dissension;
But no sooner the stocks began to fall,
Than, without any ossification at all,
The limb became what people call
A perfect bone of contention.

For alter'd days brought alter'd ways,
And instead of the complimentary phrase,
So current before her bridal—
The Countess heard, in language low,
That her Precious Leg was precious slow,
A good 'un to look at but bad to go,
And kept quite a sum lying idle.

That instead of playing musical airs,
Like Colin's foot in going up-stairs—
As the wife in the Scottish ballad declares—
It made an infernal stumping.

Whereas a member of cork, or wood,
Would be lighter and cheaper and quite as good,
Without the unbearable thumping.

P'rhaps she thought it a decent thing
To show her calf to cobbler and king,
But nothing could be absurder—
While none but the crazy would advertise
Their gold before their servants' eyes,
Who of course some night would make it a prize,
By a Shocking and Barbarous Murder.

But spite of hint, and threat, and scoff,
The Leg kept its situation:
For legs are not to be taken off
By a verbal amputation.
And mortals when they take a whim,
The greater the folly the stiffer the limb
That stands upon it or by it—
So the Countess, then Miss Kilmansegg,
At her marriage refused to stir a peg,
Till the Lawyers had fasten'd on her Leg,
As fast as the Law could tie it.

Firmly then—and more firmly yet—
With scorn for scorn, and with threat for threat,
The Proud One confronted the Cruel:
And loud and bitter the quarrel arose,
Fierce and merciless—one of those,

With spoken daggers, and looks like blows,
In all but the bloodshed a duel!

Rash, and wild, and wretched, and wrong,
Were the words that came from Weak and Strong,
Till madden'd for desperate matters,
Fierce as tigress escaped from her den,
She flew to her desk—'twas open'd—and then,
In the time it takes to try a pen,
Or the clerk to utter his slow Amen,
Her Will was in fifty tatters!

But the Count, instead of curses wild,
Only nodded his head and smiled,
As if at the spleen of an angry child;
But the calm was deceitful and sinister!
A lull like the lull of the treacherous sea—
For Hate in that moment had sworn to be
The Golden Leg's sole Legatee,
And that very night to administer!

Her Death.

'Tis a stern and startling thing to think
How often mortality stands on the brink
Of its grave without any misgiving:
And yet in this slippery world of strife,

In the stir of human bustle so rife,
There are daily sounds to tell us that Life
Is dying, and Death is living!

Ay, Beauty the Girl, and Love the Boy,
Bright as they are with hope and joy,
How their souls would sadden instanter,
To remember that one of those wedding bells,
Which ring so merrily through the dells,
Is the same that knells
Our last farewells,
Only broken into a canter!

But breath and blood set doom at nought—
How little the wretched Countess thought,
When at night she unloosed her sandal,
That the Fates had woven her burial-cloth,
And that Death, in the shape of a Death's Head Moth,
Was fluttering round her candle!

As she look'd at her clock of or-molu,
For the hours she had gone so wearily through
At the end of a day of trial—
How little she saw in her pride of prime
The dart of Death in the Hand of Time—
That hand which moved on the dial!

As she went with her taper up the stair,
How little her swollen eye was aware

That the Shadow which follow'd was double!
Or when she closed her chamber door,
It was shutting out, and for evermore,
The world—and its worldly trouble.

Little she dreamt, as she laid aside
Her jewels—after one glance of pride—
They were solemn bequests to Vanity—
Or when her robes she began to doff,
That she stood so near to the putting off
Of the flesh that clothes humanity.

And when she quench'd the taper's light,
How little she thought as the smoke took flight,
That her day was done—and merged in a night
Of dreams and duration uncertain—
Or, along with her own,
That a Hand of Bone
Was closing mortality's curtain!

But life is sweet, and mortality blind,
And youth is hopeful, and Fate is kind
In concealing the day of sorrow;
And enough is the present tense of toil—
For this world is, to all, a stiffish soil—
And the mind flies back with a glad recoil
From the debts not due till to-morrow.

Wherefore else does the Spirit fly
And bid its daily cares good-bye,

Along with its daily clothing?
Just as the felon condemn'd to die—
With a very natural loathing—
Leaving the Sheriff to dream of ropes,
From his gloomy cell in a vision elopes,
To caper on sunny greens and slopes,
Instead of the dance upon nothing.

Thus, even thus, the Countess slept,
While Death still nearer and nearer crept,
Like the Thane who smote the sleeping—
But her mind was busy with early joys,
Her golden treasures and golden toys,
That flash'd a bright
And golden light
Under lids still red with weeping.

The golden doll that she used to hug!
Her coral of gold, and the golden mug!
Her godfather's golden presents!
The golden service she had at her meals,
The golden watch, and chain, and seals,
Her golden scissors, and thread, and reels,
And her golden fishes and pheasants!

The golden guineas in silken purse—
And the Golden Legends she heard from her nurse,
Of the Mayor in his gilded carriage—
And London streets that were paved with gold—

And the Golden Eggs that were laid of old—
With each golden thing
To the golden ring
At her own auriferous Marriage!

And still the golden light of the sun
Through her golden dream appear'd to run,
Though the night that roar'd without was one
To terrify seamen or gypsies—
While the moon, as if in malicious mirth
Kept peeping down at the ruffled earth,
As though she enjoy'd the tempest's birth,
In revenge of her old eclipses.

But vainly, vainly, the thunder fell,
For the soul of the Sleeper was under a spell
That time had lately embitter'd—
The Count, as once at her foot he knelt—
That foot which now he wanted to melt!
But—hush!—'twas a stir at her pillow she felt—
And some object before her glitter'd.

'Twas the Golden Leg!—she knew its gleam!
And up she started, and tried to scream,—
But ev'n in the moment she started—
Down came the limb with a frightful smash,
And, lost in the universal flash
That her eyeballs made at so mortal a crash,
The Spark, call'd Vital, departed!

* * * *

Gold, still gold! hard, yellow, and cold,
For gold she had lived, and she died for gold—
By a golden weapon—not oaken;
In the morning they found her all alone—
Stiff, and bloody, and cold as stone—
But her Leg, the Golden Leg, was gone,
And the "Golden Bowl was broken!"

Gold—still gold! it haunted her yet—
At the Golden Lion the Inquest met—
Its foreman, a carver and gilder—
And the Jury debated from twelve till three
What the Verdict ought to be,
And they brought it in as Felo-de-Se,
"Because her own Leg had kill'd her!"

Her Moral.

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammer'd, and roll'd;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, barter'd, bought, and sold,
Stolen, borrow'd, squander'd, doled:
Spurn'd by the young, but hugg'd by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;
Price of many a crime untold;

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Good or bad a thousand-fold!
How widely its agencies vary—
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamp'd with the image of Good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary.

A TALE OF A TRUMPET.

"Old woman, old woman, will you go a-shearing?
Speak a little louder, for I'm very hard of hearing."
OLD BALLAD

Of all old women hard of hearing,
The deafest, sure, was Dame Eleanor Spearing!
On her head, it is true,
Two flaps there grew,
That served for a pair of gold rings to go through;
But for any purpose of ears in a parley,
They heard no more than ears of barley.

No hint was needed from D. E. F.
You saw in her face that the woman was deaf:
From her twisted mouth to her eyes so peery,
Each queer feature ask'd a query;
A look that said in a silent way,
"Who? and What? and How? and Eh?
I'd give my ears to know what you say!"
And well she might! for each auricular
Was deaf as a post—and that post in particular
That stands at the corner of Dyott Street now,
And never hears a word of a row!

Ears that might serve her now and then
As extempore racks for an idle pen;
Or to hang with hoops from jewellers' shops
With coral, ruby, or garnet drops;
Or, provided the owner so inclined,
Ears to stick a blister behind;
But as for hearing wisdom or wit,
Falsehood, or folly, or tell-tale-tit,
Or politics, whether of Fox or Pitt,
Sermon, lecture, or musical bit,
Harp, piano, fiddle, or kit,
They might as well, for any such wish,
Have been butter'd, done brown, and laid in a dish!
She was deaf as a post,—as said before—
And as deaf as twenty similes more,
Including the adder, that deafest of snakes,
Which never hears the coil it makes.

She was deaf as a house—which modern tricks
Of language would call as deaf as bricks—
For her all human kind were dumb,
Her drum, indeed, was so muffled a drum,
That none could get a sound to come,
Unless the Devil who had Two Sticks!
She was deaf as a stone—say one of the stones
Demosthenes suck'd to improve his tones;
And surely deafness no further could reach
Than to be in his mouth without hearing his speech!

She was deaf as a nut—for nuts, no doubt,
Are deaf to the grub that's hollowing out—
As deaf, alas! as the dead and forgotten—
(Gray has noticed the waste of breath,
In addressing the "dull, cold ear of death"),
Or the Felon's ear that was stuff'd with Cotton—
Or Charles the First, *in statue quo;*
Or the still-born figures of Madame Tussaud,
With their eyes of glass, and their hair of flax,
That only stare whatever you "ax,"
For their ears, you know, are nothing but wax.

She was deaf as the ducks that swam in the pond,
And wouldn't listen to Mrs. Bond,—
As deaf as any Frenchman appears,
When he puts his shoulders into his ears:
And—whatever the citizen tells his son—
As deaf as Gog and Magog at one!
Or, still to be a simile-seeker,
As deaf as dog's-ears to Enfield's Speaker!

She was deaf as any tradesman's dummy,
Or as Pharaoh's mother's mother's mummy;
Whose organs, for fear of our modern sceptics,
Were plugg'd with gums and antiseptics.

She was deaf as a nail—that you cannot hammer
A meaning into, for all your clamour—
There never *was* such a deaf old Gammer!

So formed to worry
Both Lindley and Murray,
By having no ear for Music or Grammar!

Deaf to sounds, as a ship out of soundings,
Deaf to verbs, and all their compoundings,
Adjective, noun, and adverb, and particle,
Deaf to even the definite article—
No verbal message was worth a pin,
Though you hired an earwig to carry it in!

In short, she was twice as deaf as Deaf Burke,
Or all the deafness in Yearsley's Work,
Who in spite of his skill in hardness of hearing,
Boring, blasting, and pioneering,
To give the dunny organ a clearing,
Could never have cured Dame Eleanor Spearing.

Of course the loss was a great privation,
For one of her sex—whatever her station—
And none the less that the Dame had a turn
For making all families one concern,
And learning whatever there was to learn
In the prattling, tattling village of Tringham—
As who wore silk? and who wore gingham?
And what the Atkins's shop might bring 'em?
How the Smiths contrived to live? and whether
The fourteen Murphys all pigg'd together? [ners,
The wages per week of the Weavers and Skin-
And what they boil'd for their Sunday dinners?

What plates the Bugsbys had on the shelf,
Crockery, china, wooden, or delf?
And if the parlour of Mrs. O'Grady
Had a wicked French print, or Death and the
Lady?
Did Snip and his wife continue to jangle?
Had Mrs. Wilkinson sold her mangle?
What liquor was drunk by Jones and Brown?
And the weekly score they ran up at the Crown?
If the Cobbler could read, and believed in the
Pope?
And how the Grubbs were off for soap?
If the Snobbs had furnish'd their room up stairs,
And how they managed for tables and chairs,
Beds, and other household affairs,
Iron, wooden, and Staffordshire wares; [lows?
And if they could muster a whole pair of bel-
In fact she had much of the spirit that lies
Perdu in a notable set of Paul Prys,
By courtesy call'd Statistical Fellows—
A prying, spying, inquisitive clan,
Who had gone upon much of the self-same plan,
Jotting the Labouring Class's riches;
And after poking in pot and pan,
And routing garments in want of stitches,
Have ascertain'd that a working man
Wears a pair and a quarter of average breeches!

But this, alas! from her loss of hearing,
Was all a seal'd book to Dame Eleanor Spearing;

And often her tears would rise to their founts—
Supposing a little scandal at play
'Twixt Mrs. O'Fie and Mrs. Au Fait—
That she couldn't audit the Gossips' accounts.
'Tis true, to her cottage still they came,
And ate her muffins just the same,
And drank the tea of the widow'd Dame,
And never swallow'd a thimble the less
Of something the Reader is left to guess,
For all the deafness of Mrs. S.,
Who *saw* them talk, and chuckle, and cough,
But to *see* and not share in the social flow,
She might as well have lived. you know,
In one of the houses in Owen's Row,
Near the New River Head, with its water cut off!

And yet the almond-oil she had tried,
And fifty infallible things beside,
Hot, and cold, and thick, and thin,
Dabb'd, and dribbled, and squirted in:
But all remedies fail'd; and though some it was clear
(Like the brandy and salt
We now exalt)
Had made a noise in the public ear,
She was just as deaf as ever, poor dear!

At last—one very fine day in June—
Suppose her sitting,
Busily knitting,

And humming she didn't quite know what tune;
For nothing she heard but a sort of a whizz,
Which, unless the sound of a circulation,
Or of thoughts in the process of fabrication,
By a Spinning-Jennyish operation,
It 's hard to say what buzzing it is.
However, except that ghost of a sound,
She sat in a silence most profound—
The cat was purring about the mat,
But her Mistress heard no more of that
Than if it had been a boatswain's cat;
And as for the clock the moments nicking,
The Dame only gave it credit for ticking.
The bark of her dog she did not catch;
Nor yet the click of the lifted latch;
Nor yet the creak of the opening door;
Nor yet the fall of the foot on the floor—
But she saw the shadow that crept on her gown
And turn'd its skirt of a darker brown.

And lo! a man! a Pedlar? ay, marry,
With a little back-shop that such tradesmen carry,
Stock'd with brooches, ribbons, and rings,
Spectacles, razors, and other odd things,
For lad and lass, as Autolycus sings;
A chapman for goodness and cheapness of ware,
Held a fair dealer enough at a fair,
But deem'd a piratical sort of invader
By him we dub the "regular trader,"

Who luring the passengers in as they pass
By lamps, gay pannels, and mouldings of brass,
And windows with only one huge pane of glass,
And his name in gilt characters, German or
Roman,
If he isn't a Pedlar, at least is a Showman!

However, in the stranger came,
And, the moment he met the eyes of the Dame,
Threw her as knowing a nod as though
He had known her fifty long years ago;
And presto! before she could utter "Jack"—
Much less "Robinson"—open'd his pack—
And then from amongst his portable gear,
With even more than a Pedlar's tact,—
(Slick himself might have envied the act)—
Before she had time to be deaf, in fact,
Popp'd a Trumpet into her ear.

"There, Ma'am! try it!
You needn't buy it—
The last New Patent—and nothing comes nigh it
For affording the Deaf, at little expense,
The sense of hearing, and hearing of sense!
A Real Blessing—and no mistake,
Invented for poor Humanity's sake;
For what can be a greater privation
Than playing Dummy to all creation,
And only looking at conversation—
Great Philosophers talking like Platos,

And Members of Parliament moral as Catos,
And your ears as dull as waxy potatoes!
Not to name the mischievous quizzers,
Sharp as knives, but double as scizzors,
Who get you to answer quite by guess
Yes for No, and No for Yes."
("That 's very true," says Dame Eleanor S.)
"Try it again! No harm in trying—
I 'm sure you 'll find it worth your buying,
A little practice—that is all—
And you 'll hear a whisper, however small,
Through an Act of Parliament party-wall,—
Every syllable clear as day,
And even what people are going to say—
I wouldn't tell a lie, I wouldn't,
But my trumpets have heard what Solomon's couldn't;
And as for Scott, he promises fine,
But can he warrant his horns like mine
Never to hear what a Lady shouldn't—
Only a guinea—and can't take less."
("That 's very dear," says Dame Eleanor S.)

"Dear!—Oh dear, to call it dear!
Why it isn't a horn you buy, but an ear;
Only think, and you 'll find on reflection [tion;
You 're bargaining, Ma'am, for the Voice of Affec-
For the language of Wisdom, and Virtue, and Truth,
And the sweet little innocent prattle of youth:

Not to mention the striking of clocks—
Cackle of hens—crowing of cocks—
Lowing of cow, and bull, and ox—
Bleating of pretty pastoral flocks—
Murmur of waterfall over the rocks—
Every sound that Echo mocks—
Vocals, fiddles, and musical-box—
And zounds! to call such a concert dear!
But I mustn't swear with my horn in your ear.
Why, in buying that Trumpet you buy all those
That Harper, or any trumpeter, blows
At the Queen's Levees, or the Lord Mayor's
Shows,
At least as far as the music goes,
Including the wonderful lively sound
Of the Guards' key-bugles all the year round.
Come—suppose we call it a pound!
Come," said the talkative Man of the Pack,
"Before I put my box on my back,
For this elegant, useful Conductor of Sound,
Come—suppose we call it a pound!

"Only a pound! it 's only the price
Of hearing a Concert once or twice.
It 's only the fee
You might give Mr. C.,
And after all not hear his advice,
But common prudence would bid you stump it;
For, not to enlarge,
It 's the regular charge

At a Fancy Fair for a penny trumpet.
Lord! what 's a pound to the blessing of hearing!"
("A pound 's a pound," said Dame Eleanor
Spearing.)

"Try it again! no harm in trying!
A pound 's a pound there 's no denying;
But think what thousands and thousands of pounds
We pay for nothing but hearing sounds;
Sounds of Equity, Justice, and Law,
Parliamentary jabber and jaw,
Pious cant and moral saw,
Hocus-pocus, and Nong-tong-paw,
And empty sounds not worth a straw;
Why it costs a guinea, as I 'm a sinner,
To hear the sounds at a Public Dinner!
One pound one thrown into the puddle,
To listen to Fiddle, Faddle, and Fuddle!
Not to forget the sounds we buy
From those who sell their sounds so high,
That unless the Managers pitch it strong,
To get a Signora to warble a song
You must fork out the blunt with a haymaker's
prong.

"It 's not the thing for me—I know it—
To crack my own Trumpet up and blow it;
But it is the best, and time will show it.
There was Mrs. F.
So very deaf,

That she might have worn a percussion-cap,
And been knock'd on the head without hearing it
snap,
Well, I sold her a horn, and the very next day
She heard from her husband at Botany Bay!
Come—eighteen shillings—that's very low,
You 'll save the money as shillings go,
And I never knew so bad a lot,
By hearing whether they ring or not!
Eighteen shillings! it 's worth the price,
Supposing you 're delicate-minded and nice,
To have the medical man of your choice,
Instead of the one with the strongest voice—
Who comes and asks you how 's your liver,
And where you ache, and whether you shiver,
And as to your nerves so apt to quiver,
As if he was hailing a boat on the river!
And then, with a shout, like Pat in a riot,
Tells you to keep yourself perfectly quiet!

"Or a tradesman comes—as tradesmen will—
Short and crusty about his bill,
Of patience, indeed, a perfect scorner,
And because you 're deaf and unable to pay,
Shouts whatever he has to say,
In a vulgar voice that goes over the way,
Down the street and round the corner!
Come—speak your mind—it 's 'No or Yes.'"
("I 've half a mind," said Dame Eleanor S.)

"Try it again—no harm in trying,
Of course you hear me, as easy as lying;
No pain at all, like a surgical trick,
To make you squall, and struggle, and kick,
Like Juno, or Rose,
Whose ear undergoes
Such horrid tugs at membrane and gristle,
For being as deaf as yourself to a whistle!

"You may go to surgical chaps if you choose,
Who will blow up your tubes like copper flues,
Or cut your tonsils right away,
As you'd shell out your almonds for Christmas-day;
And after all a matter of doubt,
Whether you ever would hear the shout
Of the little blackguards that bawl about,
'There you go with your tonsils out!'
Why, I knew a deaf Welshman who came from Glamorgan
On purpose to try a surgical spell,
And paid a guinea, and might as well
Have call'd a monkey into his organ!
For the Aurist only took a mug,
And pour'd in his ear some acoustical drug,
That instead of curing deafen'd him rather,
As Hamlet's uncle served Hamlet's father!
That's the way with your surgical gentry!
And happy your luck
If you don't get stuck

Through your liver and lights at a royal entry,
Because you never answer'd the sentry!

"Try it again, dear Madam, try it!
Many would sell their beds to buy it.
I warrant you often wake up in the night,
Ready to shake to a jelly with fright,
And up you must get to strike a light,
And down you go, in you know what,
Whether the weather is chilly or not,—
That's the way a cold is got,—
To see if you heard a noise or not!

"Why, bless you, a woman with organs like yours
Is hardly safe to step out of doors!
Just fancy a horse that comes full pelt,
But as quiet as if he was 'shod with felt,'
Till he rushes against you with all his force,
And then I needn't describe of course,
While he kicks you about without remorse,
How awkward it is to be groom'd by a horse!
Or a bullock comes, as mad as King Lear,
And you never dream that the brute is near,
Till he pokes his horn right into your ear,
Whether you like the thing or lump it,—
And all for want of buying a trumpet!

"I 'm not a female to fret and vex,
But if I belong'd to the sensitive sex,
Exposed to all sorts of indelicate sounds,
I wouldn't be deaf for a thousand pounds.

Lord! only think of chucking a copper
To Jack or Bob with a timber limb,
Who looks as if he was singing a hymn,
Instead of a song that's very improper!
Or just suppose in a public place
You see a great fellow a-pulling a face,
With his staring eyes and his mouth like an O,—
And how is a poor deaf lady to know,—
The lower orders are up to such games—
If he's calling 'Green Peas,' or calling her names?" [Dames.)
("They're tenpence a peck!" said the deafest of

"'Tis strange what very strong advising,
By word of mouth, or advertising,
By chalking on walls, or placarding on vans,
With fifty other different plans,
The very high pressure, in fact, of pressing,
It needs to persuade one to purchase a blessing!
Whether the Soothing American Syrup,
A safety Hat, or a Safety Stirrup,—
Infallible Pills for the human frame,
Or Rowland's O-don't-o (an ominous name!)
A Doudney's suit which the shape so hits
That it beats all others into *fits;*
A Mechi's razor for beards unshorn,
Or a Ghost-of-a-Whisper-Catching Horn!

"Try it again, Ma'am, only try!"
Was still the voluble Pedlar's cry;

"It's a great privation, there's no dispute,
To live like the dumb unsociable brute,
And to hear no more of the *pro* and *con*,
And how Society's going on,
Than Mumbo Jumbo or Prester John,
And all for want of this *sine quâ non*;
Whereas, with a horn that never offends,
You may join the genteelest party that is,
And enjoy all the scandal, and gossip, and quiz,
And be certain to hear of your absent friends;—
Not that elegant ladies, in fact,
In genteel society ever detract,
Or lend a brush when a friend is black'd,
At least as a mere malicious act,—
But only talk scandal for fear some fool
Should think they were bred at *charity* school.
Or, maybe, you like a little flirtation,
Which even the most Don Juanish rake
Would surely object to undertake
At the same high pitch as an altercation.
It's not for me, of course, to judge
How much a Deaf Lady ought to begrudge;
But half-a-guinea seems no great matter—
Letting alone more rational patter—
Only to hear a parrot chatter;
Not to mention that feather'd wit,
The Starling, who speaks when his tongue is slit;
The Pies and Jays that utter words,
And other Dicky Gossips of birds,

That talk with as much good sense and decorum
As many *Beaks* who belong to the quorum.

"Try it—buy it—say ten and six,
The lowest price a miser could fix:
I don't pretend with horns of mine,
Like some in the advertising line,
To '*magnify sounds*' on such marvellous scales,
That the sounds of a cod seem as big as a whale's;
But popular rumours, right or wrong,—
Charity Sermons, short or long,—
Lecture, speech, concerto, or song,
All noises and voices, feeble or strong,
From the hum of a gnat to the clash of a gong,
This tube will deliver distinct and clear;
Or supposing by chance
You wish to dance,
Why, it 's putting a *Horn-pipe* into your ear!
Try it—buy it!
Buy it—try it!
The last New Patent, and nothing comes nigh it,
For guiding sounds to proper tunnel:
Only try till the end of June,
And if you and the trumpet are out of tune,
I 'll turn it gratis into a Funnel!"

In short the Pedlar so beset her,—
Lord Bacon couldn't have gammon'd her better,—
With flatteries plump and indirect,
And plied his tongue with such effect,—

A tongue that could almost have butter'd a crumpet,—
The deaf Old Woman bought the Trumpet.

* * *
* * * [ance,

The Pedlar was gone. With the Horn's assist-
She heard his steps die away in the distance;
And then she heard the tick of the clock,
The purring of puss, and the snoring of Shock!
And she purposely dropt a pin that was little,
And heard it fall as plain as a skittle!

'Twas a wonderful Horn, to be but just!
Nor meant to gather dust, must, and rust:
So in half a jiffy, or less than that,
In her scarlet cloak and her steeple hat,
Like old Dame Trot, but without her Cat,
The Gossip was hunting all Tringham thorough,
As if she meant to canvass the borough,
Trumpet in hand, or up to the cavity:—
And, sure, had the horn been one of those
The wild Rhinoceros wears on his nose,
It couldn't have ripp'd up more depravity!

Depravity! mercy shield her ears!
'Twas plain enough that her village peers
In the ways of vice were no raw beginners;
For whenever she raised the tube to her drum,
Such sounds were transmitted as only come
From the very Brass Band of human sinners!

Ribald jest and blasphemous curse
(Bunyan never vented worse,)
With all those weeds, not flowers, of speech
Which the seven Dialecticians teach;
Filthy Conjunctions, and Dissolute Nouns,
And Particles pick'd from the kennels of towns,
With Irregular Verbs for irregular jobs,
Chiefly active in rows and mobs,
Picking Possessive Pronouns' fobs
And Interjections as bad as a blight,
Or an Eastern blast, to the blood and the sight;
Fanciful phrases for crime and sin,
And smacking of vulgar lips where Gin,
Garlic, Tobacco, and offals go in—
A jargon so truly adapted, in fact,
To each thievish, obscene, and ferocious act,
So fit for the brute with the human shape,
Savage Baboon, or libidinous Ape,
From their ugly mouths it will certainly come
Should they ever get weary of shamming dumb!

Alas! for the Voice of Virtue and Truth,
And the sweet little innocent prattle of youth!
The smallest urchin whose tongue could tang,
Shock'd the Dame with a volley of slang,
Fit for Fagin's juvenile gang;
While the charity chap,
With his muffin cap,
His crimson coat, and his badge so garish,
Playing at dumps, or pitch in the hole,

Cursed his eyes, limbs, body, and soul,
As if they didn't belong to the Parish!
'Twas awful to hear as she went along,
The wicked words of the popular song;
Or supposing she listen'd—as gossips will—
At a door ajar, or a window agape,
To catch the sounds they allow'd to escape,
Those sounds belong'd to Depravity still!
The dark allusion, or bolder brag
Of the dexterous "dodge," and the lots of "swag,"
The plunder'd house—or the stolen nag—
The blazing rick, or the darker crime
That quench'd the spark before its time—
The wanton speech of the wife immoral—
The noise of drunken or deadly quarrel,—
With savage menaces, which threaten'd the life,
Till the heart seem'd merely a strop "for the knife;"
The human liver, no better than that
Which is sliced and thrown to an old woman's cat;
And the head, so useful for shaking and nodding,
To be punch'd into holes, like "a shocking bad hat"
That is only fit to be punch'd into wadding!

In short, wherever she turn'd the horn,
To the highly bred or the lowly born,
The working man who look'd over the hedge,
Or the mother nursing her infant pledge,
The sober Quaker, averse to quarrels,
Or the Governess pacing the village through,
With her twelve Young Ladies, two and two,

Looking, as such young ladies do,
Truss'd by Decorum and stuff'd with morals—
Whether she listen'd to Hob or Bob,
Nob or Snob,
The Squire on his cob,
Or Trudge and his ass at a tinkering job,
To the Saint who expounded at "Little Zion"—
Or the "Sinner who kept the Golden Lion"—
The man teetotally wean'd from liquor—
The Beadle, the Clerk, or the Reverend Vicar—
Nay, the very Pie in its cage of wicker—
She gather'd such meanings, double or single,
That like the bell
With muffins to sell,
Her ear was kept in a constant tingle!

But this was nought to the tales of shame,
The constant runnings of evil fame,
Foul, and dirty, and black as ink,
That her ancient cronies, with nod and wink,
Pour'd in her horn like slops in a sink:
While sitting in conclave, as gossips do,
With their Hyson or Howqua, black or green,
And not a little of feline spleen
Lapp'd up in "Catty packages," too,
To give a zest to the sipping and supping;
For still by some invisible tether,
Scandal and Tea are link'd together,
As surely as Scarification and Cupping;
Yet never since Scandal drank Bohea—

Or sloe, or whatever it happen'd to be,
For some grocerly thieves
Turn over new leaves
Without much amending their lives or their tea—
No, never since cup was fill'd or stirr'd
Were such vile and horrible anecdotes heard,
As blacken'd their neighbours, of either gender,
Especially that which is call'd the Tender,
But instead of the softness we fancy therewith,
As harden'd in vice as the vice of a smith.

Women! the wretches! had soil'd and marr'd
Whatever to womanly nature belongs;
For the marriage tie they had no regard,
Nay, sped their mates to the sexton's yard,
(Like Madame Laffarge, who with poisonous pinches
Kept cutting off her L by inches)
And as for drinking, they drank so hard
That they drank their flat-irons, pokers, and tongs!
The men—they fought and gambled at fairs;
And poach'd—and didn't respect grey hairs—
Stole linen, money, plate, poultry, and corses;
And broke in houses as well as horses;
Unfolded folds to kill their own mutton,
And would their own mothers and wives for a button—
But not to repeat the deeds they did,
Backsliding in spite of all moral skid,
If all were true that fell from the tongue,

There was not a villager, old or young,
But deserved to be whipp'd, imprison'd, or hung,
Or sent on those travels which nobody hurries
To publish at Colburn's, or Longmans', or Murray's.

Meanwhile the Trumpet, *con amore*,
Transmitted each vile diabolical story;
And gave the least whisper of slips and falls,
As that Gallery does in the Dome of St. Paul's,
Which, as all the world knows, by practice or print,
Is famous for making the most of a hint.
Not a murmur of shame,
Or buzz of blame,
Not a flying report that flew at a name,
Not a plausible gloss, or significant note,
Not a word in the scandalous circles afloat
Of a beam in the eye or diminutive mote,
But vortex-like that tube of tin
Suck'd the censorious particle in;
And, truth to tell, for as willing an organ
As ever listen'd to serpent's hiss,
Nor took the viperous sound amiss,
On the snaky head of an ancient Gorgon!

The Dame, it is true, would mutter "Shocking!"
And give her head a sorrowful rocking,
And make a clucking with palate and tongue,
Like the call of Partlett to gather her young,
A sound, when human, that always proclaims

At least a thousand pities and shames,
  But still the darker the tale of sin,
Like certain folks when calamities burst,
Who find a comfort in "hearing the worst,"
  The farther she poked the Trumpet in.
Nay, worse, whatever she heard, she spread
  East and West, and North and South,
Like the ball which, according to Captain Z,
  Went in at his ear, and came out at his mouth.

What wonder between the horn and the Dame,
Such mischief was made wherever they came,
That the Parish of Tringham was all in a flame!
  For although it requires such loud discharges,
Such peals of thunder as rumbled at Lear,
To turn the smallest of table-beer,
A little whisper breathed into the ear
  Will sour a temper "as sour as varges."
In fact such very ill blood there grew,
  From this private circulation of stories,
That the nearest neighbours the village through,
Look'd at each other as yellow and blue
As any electioneering crew
  Wearing the colours of Whigs and Tories.

Ah! well the Poet said, in sooth,
That "whispering tongues can poison Truth,"
Yea, like a dose of oxalic acid,
Wrench and convulse poor Peace, the placid,
And rack dear Love with internal fuel,

Like arsenic pastry, or what is as cruel,
Sugar of lead, that sweetens gruel,
At least such torments began to wring 'em
From the very morn
When that mischievous Horn
Caught the whisper of tongues in Tringham.

The Social Clubs dissolved in huffs,
And the Sons of Harmony came to cuffs,
While feuds arose, and family quarrels,
That discomposed the mechanics of morals.
For screws were loose between brother and brother,
While sisters fasten'd their nails on each other:
Such wrangles, and jangles, and miff, and tiff,
And spar, and jar—and breezes as stiff
As ever upset a friendship or skiff!
The plighted Lovers, who used to walk,
Refused to meet, and declined to talk;
And wish'd for *two* moons to reflect the sun,
That they mightn't look together on one;
While wedded affection ran so low,
That the oldest John Anderson snubbed his Jo—
And instead of the toddle adown the hill,
Hand in hand
As the song has plann'd,
Scratch'd her, penniless, out of his will!

In short, to describe what came to pass
In a true, though somewhat theatrical way,
Instead of "Love in a Village"—alas!

The piece they perform'd was "The Devil to Pay!"

However, as secrets are brought to light,
And mischief comes home like chickens at night;
And rivers are track'd throughout their course,
And forgeries traced to their proper source;—
And the sow that ought
By the ear is caught,—
And the sin to the sinful door is brought;
And the cat at last escapes from the bag—
And the saddle is placed on the proper nag;
And the fog blows off, and the key is found—
And the faulty scent is pick'd out by the hound—
And the fact turns up like a worm from the ground—
And the matter gets wind to waft it about;
And a hint goes abroad, and the murder is out—
And the riddle is guess'd—and the puzzle is known—
So the truth was sniff'd, and the Trumpet was *blown!*

* * * * *

'Tis a day in November—a day of fog—
But the Tringham people are all agog;
Fathers, Mothers, and Mothers' Sons,—
With sticks, and staves, and swords, and guns,—
As if in pursuit of a rabid dog;
But their voices—raised to the highest pitch—
Declare that the game is "a Witch!—a Witch!"

Over the Green, and along by the George—
Past the Stocks, and the Church, and the Forge,
And round the Pound, and skirting the Pond,
Till they come to the whitewash'd cottage beyond,
And there at the door they muster and cluster,
And thump, and kick, and bellow, and bluster—
Enough to put old Nick in a fluster!
A noise, indeed, so loud and long,
And mix'd with expressions so very strong,
That supposing, according to popular fame,
"Wise Woman" and Witch to be the same,
No hag with a broom would unwisely stop,
But up and away through the chimney-top;
Whereas, the moment they burst the door,
Planted fast on her sanded floor,
With her Trumpet up to her organ of hearing,
Lo and behold!—Dame Eleanor Spearing!

Oh! then arises the fearful shout—
Bawl'd and scream'd, and bandied about—
"Seize her!—Drag the old Jezebel out!"
While the Beadle—the foremost of all the band,
Snatches the Horn from her trembling hand—
And after a pause of doubt and fear,
Puts it up to his sharpest ear.

"Now silence—silence—one and all!"
For the Clerk is quoting from Holy Paul!
But before he rehearses
A couple of verses,

The Beadle lets the Trumpet fall;
For instead of the words so pious and humble,
He hears a supernatural grumble.

Enough, enough! and more than enough;—
Twenty impatient hands and rough,
By arm, and leg, and neck, and scruff,
Apron, 'kerchief, gown of stuff—
Cap, and pinner, sleeve, and cuff—
Are clutching the Witch wherever they can,
With the spite of Woman and fury of Man;
And then—but first they kill her cat,
And murder her dog on the very mat—
And crush the Infernal Trumpet flat;—
And then they hurry her through the door
She never, never, will enter more!

Away! away! down the dusty lane
They pull her, and haul her, with might and main:
And happy the hawbuck, Tom or Harry
Dandy, or Sandy, Jerry, or Larry,
Who happens to get "a leg to carry!"
And happy the foot that can give her a kick,
And happy the hand that can find a brick—
And happy the fingers that hold a stick—
Knife to cut, or pin to prick—
And happy the Boy who can lend her a lick;—
Nay, happy the Urchin—Charity-bred,
Who can shy very nigh to her wicked old head!

Alas! to think how people's creeds
Are contradicted by people's deeds!
But though the wishes that Witches utter
Can play the most diabolical rigs—
Send styes in the eye—and measle the pigs—
Grease horses' heels—and spoil the butter;
Smut and mildew the corn on the stalk—
And turn new milk to water and chalk,—
Blight apples—and give the chickens the pip—
And cramp the stomach—and cripple the hip—
And waste the body—and addle the eggs—
And give a baby bandy legs;
Though in common belief a Witch's curse
Involves all these horrible things and worse—
As ignorant bumpkins all profess,
No Bumpkin makes a poke the less
At the back or ribs of old Eleanor S.!
As if she were only a sack of barley;
Or gives her credit for greater might
Than the Powers of Darkness confer at night
On that other old woman, the parish Charley;

Ay, now's the time for a Witch to call
On her Imps and Sucklings one and all—
Newes, Pyewacket, or Peck in the Crown,
(As Matthew Hopkins has handed them down)
Dick, and Willet, and Sugar-and-Sack,
Greedy Grizel, Jarmara the Black,
Vinegar Tom and the rest of the pack—
Ay, now's the nick for her friend old Harry
To come "with his tail" like the bold Glengarry,

And drive her foes from their savage job
As a mad Black Bullock would scatter a mob :—
But no such matter is down in the bond;
And spite of her cries that never cease
But scare the ducks and astonish the geese,
The Dame is dragg'd to the fatal pond!

And now they come to the water's brim—
And in they bundle her—sink or swim;
Though it 's twenty to one that the wretch must drown,
With twenty sticks to hold her down;
Including the help to the self-same end,
Which a travelling Pedlar stops to lend.
A Pedlar!—Yes!—The same!—the same!
Who sold the Horn to the drowning Dame!
And now is foremost amid the stir,
With a token only revealed to her;
A token that makes her shudder and shriek,
And point with her finger, and strive to speak—
But before she can utter the name of the Devil,
Her head is under the water level!

Moral.

There are folks about town—to name no names—
Who much resemble that deafest of Dames;
And over their tea, and muffins, and crumpets,
Circulate many a scandalous word,
And whisper tales they could only have heard
Through some such Diabolical Trumpets!

NOTE.

The following curious passage is quoted for the benefit of such Readers as are afflicted, like Dame Spearing, with Deafness, and one of its concomitants, a singing or ringing in the head. The extract is taken from "Quid pro Quo; or, A Theory of Compensations. By P. S." (perhaps Peter Shard), folio edition:—

"Soe tenderly kind and gratious is Nature, our Mother, that She seldom or never puts upon us any Grievaunce without making Us some Amends, which, if not a full and perfect Equivalent, is yet a great Solace or Salve to the Sore. As is notably displaid in the Case of such of our Fellow Creatures as undergoe the Loss of Heering, and are thereby deprived of the Comfort and Entertainment of Natural Sounds. In lew whereof the Deaf Man, as testified by mine own Experience, is regaled with an inward Musick that is not vouchsafed unto a Person who hath the compleet Usage of his Ears. For note, that the selfsame Condition of Boddy which is most apt to bring on a Surdity,—namely, a general Relaxing of the delicate and subtile Fibres of the Human Nerves, and mainly such as belong and propinque to the Auricular Organ, this very Unbracing which silences the Tympanum, or drum, is the most instrumental Cause in producing a Consort in the Head. And, in particular, that affection which the Physitians have called Tinnitus, by reason of its Resemblance to a Ring of Bells. The Absence of which, as a National Musick, would be a sore Loss and Discomfort to any Native of the Low Countryes, where the Steeples and Church-Towers with their Carillons maintain an allmost endlesse Tingle; seeing that before one quarterly Chime of the Cloke hath well ended, another must by Time's Command strike up its Tune. On which Account, together with its manye waterish Swamps and

Marshes, the Land of Flandres is said by the Wits to be Ringing Wet. Such campanulary Noises would alsoe be heavily mist and lamented by the Inhabitants of that Ringing Island described in Rabelais his Works, as a Place constantly filled with a Corybantick Jingle Jangle of great, middle-sized, and little Bells: wherewith the People seem to be as much charmed as a Swarm of Bees with the Clanking of Brazen Kettles and Pans. And which Ringing Island cannot of a surety be Barbadoes, as certain Authors have supposed, but rather our own tintinnabulary Island of Brittain, where formerly a Saxon could not soe much as quench a Fire or a Candle but to the tune of a Bell. And even to this day, next to the Mother Tongue, the one mostly used is in a Mouth of Mettal, and withal so loosely hung, that it must needs wag at all Times and on all Topicks. For your English Man is a mighty Ringer, and besides furnishing Bells to a Bellfry, doth hang them at the Head of his Horse, and at the Neck of his Sheep—on the Cap of his Fool, and on the Heels of his Hawk. And truly I have known more than one amongst my Country Men, who would undertake more Travel, and Cost besides, to hear a Peal of Grandsires, than they would bestow to look upon a Generation of Grandchildren. But alack! all these Bells with the huge Muscovite, and Great Tom of Lincoln to boot, be but as Dumb Bells to the Deaf Man: wherefore, as I said, Nature kindly steps in with a Compensation, to wit a Tinnitus, and converts his own Head into a Bellfry, whence he hath Peals enow, and what is more, without having to pay the Ringers."

THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

I.

Alack! 'tis melancholy theme to think
How Learning doth in rugged states abide
And, like her bashful owl, obscurely blink,
In pensive glooms and corners, scarcely spied;
Not, as in Founders' Halls and domes of pride,
Served with grave homage, like a tragic queen,
But with one lonely priest compell'd to hide,
In midst of foggy moors and mosses green,
In that clay cabin hight the College of Kilreen!

II.

This College looketh South and West alsoe,
Because it hath a cast in windows twain;
Crazy and crack'd they be, and wind doth blow
Thorough transparent holes in every pane,
Which Dan, with many paines, makes whole again
With nether garments, which his thrift doth teach,
To stand for glass, like pronouns, and when rain
Stormeth, he puts, "once more unto the breach,"
Outside and in, tho' broke, yet so he mendeth each.

III.

And in the midst a little door there is,
Whereon a board that doth congratulate
With painted letters, red as blood I wis,
Thus written, "Children taken in to Bate;"
And oft, indeed, the inward of that gate,
Most ventriloque, doth utter tender squeak,
And moans of infants that bemoan their fate,
In midst of sounds of Latin, French, and Greek,
Which, all i' the Irish tongue, he teacheth them to speak.

IV.

For some are meant to right illegal wrongs,
And some for Doctors of Divinitie,
Whom he doth teach to murder the dead tongues,
And soe win academical degree;
But some are bred for service of the sea,
Howbeit, their store of learning is but small,
For mickle waste he counteth it would be
To stock a head with bookish wares at all,
Only to be knocked off by ruthless cannon ball.

V.

Six babes he sways,—some little and some big,
Divided into classes six;—alsoe,
He keeps a parlour boarder of a pig,
That in the College fareth to and fro,
And picketh up the urchins' crumbs below—

And eke the learned rudiments they scan,
And thus his A, B, C, doth wisely know—
Hereafter to be shown in caravan,
And raise the wonderment of many a learned man.

VI.

Alsoe, he schools some tame familiar fowls,
Whereof, above his head, some two or three
Sit darkly squatting, like Minerva's owls,
But on the branches of no living tree,
And overlook the learned family;
While, sometimes, Partlet, from her gloomy perch,
Drops feather on the nose of Dominie,
Meanwhile, with serious eye, he makes research
In leaves of that sour tree of knowledge—now a birch.

VII.

No chair he hath, the awful Pedagogue,
Such as would magisterial hams imbed,
But sitteth lowly on a beechen log,
Secure in high authority and dread:
Large, as a dome for learning, seems his head,
And like Apollo's, all beset with rays,
Because his locks are so unkempt and red,
And stand abroad in many several ways:—
No laurel crown he wears, howbeit his cap is baise,

VIII.

And, underneath, a pair of shaggy brows
O'erhang as many eyes of gizzard hue,
That inward giblet of a fowl, which shows
A mongrel tint, that is ne brown ne blue ;
His nose,—it is a coral to the view ;
Well nourish'd with Pierian Potheen,—
For much he loves his native mountain dew ;—
But to depict the dye would lack, I ween,
A bottle-red, in terms, as well as bottle-green.

IX.

As for his coat, 'tis such a jerkin short
As Spencer had, ere he composed his Tails ;
But underneath he hath no vest, nor aught,
So that the wind his airy breast assails ;
Below, he wears the nether garb of males,
Of crimson plush, but non-plushed at the knee:—
Thence further down the native red prevails,
Of his own naked fleecy hosierie :—
Two sandals, without soles, complete his cap-a-pie.

X.

Nathless, for dignity, he now doth lap
His function in a magisterial gown,
That shows more countries in it than a map.—
Blue tinct, and red, and green, and russet brown,
Besides some blots, standing for country-town ,

And eke some rents, for streams and rivers wide;
But, sometimes, bashful when he looks adown,
He turns the garment of the other side,
Hopeful that so the holes may never be espied!

XI.

And soe he sits, amidst the little pack
That look for shady or for sunny noon,
Within his visage, like an almanack,—
His quiet smile foretelling gracious boon:
But when his mouth droops down, like rainy moon,
With horrid chill each little heart unwarms,
Knowing, that infant show'rs will follow soon,
And with forebodings of near wrath and storms
They sit, like timid hares, all trembling on their forms.

XII.

Ah! luckless wight, who cannot then repeat
"Corduroy Colloquy,"—or "Ki, Kæ, Kod,"—
Full soon his tears shall make his turfy seat
More sodden, tho' already made of sod,
For Dan shall whip him with the word of God,—
Severe by rule, and not by nature mild,
He never spoils the child and spares the rod,
But spoils the rod and never spares the child,
And soe with holy rule deems he is reconciled.

XIII.

But surely the just sky will never wink
At men who take delight in childish throe,
And stripe the nether-urchin like a pink
Or tender hyacinth, inscribed with woe;
Such bloody Pedagogues, when they shall know,
By useless birches, that forlorn recess,
Which is no holiday, in Pit below,
Will hell not seem design'd for their distress,—
A melancholy place, that is all bottomlesse?

XIV.

Yet would the Muse not chide the wholesome use
Of needful discipline, in due degree. [duce,
Devoid of sway, what wrongs will time pro-
Whene'er the twig untrain'd grows up a tree,
This shall a Carder, that a Whiteboy be,
Ferocious leaders of atrocious bands,
And Learning's help be used for infamie,
By lawless clerks, that, with their bloody hands,
In murder'd English write Rock's murderous commands.

XV.

But ah! what shrilly cry doth now alarm
The sooty fowls that doz'd upon the beam,
All sudden fluttering from the brandish'd arm
And cackling chorus with the human scream;
Meanwhile the scourge plies that unkindly seam

In Phelim's brogues, which bares his naked
skin,
Like traitor gap in warlike fort, I deem,
That falsely lets the fierce besieger in,
Nor seeks the Pedagogue by other course to
win.

XVI.

No parent dear he hath to heed his cries;—
Alas! his parent dear is far aloof,
And deep in Seven-Dial cellar lies,
Killed by kind cudgel-play, or gin of proof,
Or climbeth, catwise, on some London roof,
Singing, perchance, a lay of Erin's Isle,
Or, whilst he labours, weaves a fancy-woof,
Dreaming he sees his home,—his Phelim
smile;
Ah me! that luckless imp, who weepeth all the
while!

XVII.

Ah! who can paint that hard and heavy time,
When first the scholar lists in learning's train,
And mounts her rugged steep enforc'd to climb,
Like sooty imp, by sharp posterior pain,
From bloody twig, and eke that Indian cane,
Wherein, alas! no sugar'd juices dwell?
For this, the while one stripling's sluices drain,
Another weepeth over chilblains fell,
Always upon the heel, yet never to be well!

XVIII.

Anon a third, for his delicious root,
Late ravish'd from his tooth by elder chit,
So soon is human violence afoot,
So hardly is the harmless biter bit!
Meanwhile, the tyrant, with untimely wit
And mouthing face, derides the small one's moan,
Who, all lamenting for his loss, doth sit,
Alack,—mischance comes seldomtimes alone,
But aye the worried dog must rue more curs than one.

XIX.

For lo! the Pedagogue, with sudden drub,
Smites his scald head, that is already sore,—
Superfluous wound,—such is Misfortune's rub!
Who straight makes answer with redoubled roar,
And sheds salt tears twice faster than before,
That still with backward fist he strives to dry;
Washing with brackish moisture, o'er and o'er,
His muddy cheek, that grows more foul thereby,
Till all his rainy face looks grim as rainy sky.

XX.

So Dan, by dint of noise, obtains a peace,
And with his natural untender knack,
By new distress, bids former grievance cease,
Like tears dried up with rugged huckaback,

That sets the mournful visage all arack;
Yet soon the childish countenance will shine
Even as thorough storms the soonest slack,
For grief and beef in adverse ways incline,
This keeps, and that decays, when duly soak'd in brine.

XXI.

Now all is hush'd, and, with a look profound,
The Dominie lays ope the learned page;
(So be it called) although he doth expound
Without a book, both Greek and Latin sage;
Now telleth he of Rome's rude infant age,
How Romulus was bred in savage wood,
By wet-nurse wolf, devoid of wolfish rage,
And laid foundation-stone of walls of mud,
But watered it, alas! with warm fraternal blood.

XXII.

Anon, he turns to that Homeric war,
How Troy was sieged like Londonderry town;
And stout Achilles, at his jaunting-car,
Dragged mighty Hector with a bloody crown:
And eke the bard, that sung of their renown,
In garb of Greece most beggar-like and torn,
He paints, with colly, wand'ring up and down
Because, at once, in seven cities born;
And so, of parish rights, was, all his days, forlorn.

XXIII.

Anon, through old Mythology he goes,
Of gods defunct, and all their pedigrees,
But shuns their scandalous amours, and shows
How Plato wise, and clear-eyed Socrates,
Confess'd not to those heathen hes and shes;
But thro' the clouds of the Olympic cope
Beheld St. Peter with his holy keys,
And own'd their love was naught, and bow'd to Pope,
Whilst all their purblind race in Pagan mist did grope.

XXIV.

From such quaint themes he turns, at last, aside,
To new philosophies, that still are green,
And shows what rail-roads have been track'd to guide
The wheels of great political machine;
If English corn should grow abroad, I ween,
And gold be made of gold, or paper sheet;
How many pigs be born to each spalpeen;
And ah! how man shall thrive beyond his meat,—
With twenty souls alive, to one square sod of peat!

XXV.

Here, he makes end; and all the fry of youth,
That stood around with serious look intense,
Close up again their gaping eyes and mouth,

Which they had open'd to his eloquence,
As if their hearing were a threefold sense.
But now the current of his words is done,
And whether any fruits shall spring from thence,
In future time, with any mother's son!
It is a thing, God wot! that can be told by none.

XXVI.

Now by the creeping shadows of the noon,
The hour is come to lay aside their lore;
The cheerful Pedagogue perceives it soon,
And cries, "Begone!" unto the imps,—and four
Snatch their two hats and struggle for the door,
Like ardent spirits vented from a cask,
All blithe and boisterous,—but leave two more,
With Reading made Uneasy for a task,
To weep, whilst all their mates in merry sunshine bask.

XXVII.

Like sportive Elfins, on the verdant sod,
With tender moss so sleekly overgrown,
That doth not hurt, but kiss, the sole unshod,
So soothly kind is Erin to her own!
And one, at Hare and Hound, plays all alone,—
For Phelim 's gone to tend his step-dame's cow;
Ah! Phelim's step-dame is a canker'd crone!
Whilst other twain play at an Irish row,
And, with shillelah small, break one another's brow!

XXVIII.

But careful Dominie, with ceaseless thrift,
Now changeth ferula for rural hoe;
But, first of all, with tender hand doth shift
His college gown, because of solar glow,
And hangs it on a bush, to scare the crow:
Meanwhile, he plants in earth the dappled bean,
Or trains the young potatoes all a-row,
Or plucks the fragrant leek for pottage green,
With that crisp curly herb, call'd Kale in Aberdeen.

XXIX.

And so he wisely spends the fruitful hours,
Link'd each to each by labour, like a bee;
Or rules in Learning's hall, or trims her bow'rs;—
Would there were many more such wights as he,
To sway each capital academie
Of Cam and Isis; for alack! at each
There dwells, I wot, some dronish Dominie,
That does no garden work, nor yet doth teach,
But wears a floury head, and talks in flow'ry speech!

THE FORGE:

A ROMANCE OF THE IRON AGE.

"Who 's here, beside foul weather?"
KING LEAR.

"Mine enemy's dog, though he had bit me,
Should have stood that night against my fire."
CORDELIA.

PART I.

LIKE a dead man gone to his shroud,
The sun has sunk in a coppery cloud,
And the wind is rising squally and loud
With many a stormy token,—
Playing a wild funereal air,
Through the branches bleak, bereaved, and bare,
To the dead leaves dancing here and there—
In short, if the truth were spoken,
It 's an ugly night for anywhere,
But an awful one for the Brocken!

For oh! to stop
On that mountain top,
After the dews of evening drop,
Is always a dreary frolic—
Then what must it be when nature groans,
And the very mountain murmurs and moans

As if it writhed with the cholic—
With other strange supernatural tones,
From wood, and water, and echoing stones,
Not to forget unburied bones—
In a region so diabolic!

A place where he whom we call old Scratch,
By help of his Witches—a precious batch—
Gives midnight concerts and sermons,
In a Pulpit and Orchestra built to match,
A plot right worthy of him to hatch,
And well adapted, he knows, to catch
The musical, mystical Germans!

However it 's quite
As wild a night
As ever was known on that sinister height
Since the Demon-Dance was morriced—
The earth is dark, and the sky is scowling,
And the blast through the pines is howling and growling,
As if a thousand wolves were prowling
About in the old BLACK FOREST!

Madly, sadly, the Tempest raves
Through the narrow gullies and hollow caves,
And bursts on the rocks in windy waves,
Like the billows that roar
On a gusty shore
Mourning over the mariners' graves—

Nay, more like a frantic lamentation
From a howling set
Of demons met
To wake a dead relation.

Badly, madly, the vapours fly
Over the dark distracted sky,
At a pace that no pen can paint!
Black and vague like the shadows of dreams,
Scudding over the moon that seems
Shorn of half her usual beams,
As pale as if she would faint!

The lightning flashes,
The thunder crashes,
The trees encounter with horrible clashes,
While rolling up from marish and bog,
Rank and rich,
As from Stygian ditch,
Rises a foul sulphureous fog,
Hinting that Satan himself is agog,—
But leaving at once this heroical pitch,
The night is a very bad night in which
You wouldn't turn out a dog.

Yet ONE there is abroad in the storm,
And whenever by chance
The moon gets a glance,
She spies the Traveller's lonely form,
Walking, leaping, striding along,

As none can do but the super-strong;
And flapping his arms to keep him warm,
For the breeze from the North is a regular starver,
And to tell the truth,
More keen, in sooth,
And cutting than any German carver!

However, no time it is to lag;
And on he scrambles from crag to crag,
Like one determined never to flag—
Now weathers a block
Of jutting rock,
With hardly room for a toe to wag;
But holding on by a timber snag,
That looks like the arm of a friendly hag;
Then stooping under a drooping bough,
Or leaping over some horrid chasm,
Enough to give any heart a spasm!
And sinking down a precipice now,
Keeping his feet the Deuce knows how,
In spots whence all creatures would keep aloof,
Except the Goat, with his cloven hoof,
Who clings to the shallowest ledge as if
He grew like the weed on the face of the cliff!
So down, still down, the Traveller goes,
Safe as the Chamois amid his snows,
Though fiercer than ever the hurricane blows,
And round him eddy, with whirl and whizz,
Tornadoes of hail, and sleet, and rain,
Enough to bewilder a weaker brain,

Or blanch any other visage than his,
Which spite of lightning, thunder, and hail,
The blinding sleet, and the freezing gale,
And the horrid abyss,
If his foot should miss,
Instead of tending at all to pale,
Like cheeks that feel the chill of affright—
Remains—the very reverse of white!

His heart is granite—his iron nerve
Feels no convulsive twitches;
And as to his foot, it does not swerve, [serve
Tho' the Screech-Owls are flitting about him that
For parrots to Brocken Witches!

Nay, full in his very path he spies
The gleam of the Wehr Wolf's horrid eyes;
But if his members quiver—
It is not for *that*—no, it is not for *that*—
Nor rat,
Nor cat,
As black as your hat,
Nor the snake that hiss'd, nor the toad that spat,
Nor glimmering candles of dead men's fat,
Nor even the flap of the Vampire Bat,
No anserine skin would rise thereat,
It's the cold that makes *Him* shiver!

So down, still down, through gully and glen,
Never trodden by foot of men,

Past the Eagle's nest, and the She-Wolf's den,
Never caring a jot how steep
Or how narrow the track he has to keep,
Or how wide and deep
An abyss to leap,
Or what may fly, or walk, or creep,
Down he hurries through darkness and storm,
Flapping his arms to keep him warm—
Till threading many a pass abhorrent,
At last he reaches the mountain gorge,
And takes a path along by a torrent—
The very identical path, by St. George!
Down which young Fridolin went to the Forge,
With a message meant for his own death-warrant!

Young Fridolin! young Fridolin!
So free from sauce, and sloth, and sin,
The best of pages
Whatever their ages,
Since first that singular fashion came in—
Not he like those modern and idle young gluttons
With little jackets, so smart and spruce,
Of Lincoln green, sky-blue, or puce—
And a little gold lace you may introduce—
Very showy, but as for use,
Not worth so many buttons!

Young Fridolin! young Fridolin!
Of his duty so true a fulfiller—
But here we need no farther go,

For whoever desires the Tale to know
May read it all in Schiller.
Faster now the Traveller speeds,
Whither his guiding beacon leads,
For by yonder glare
In the murky air,
He knows that the Eisen Hutte is there!
With its sooty Cyclops, savage and grim,
Hosts, a guest had better forbear,
Whose thoughts are set upon dainty fare—
But stiff with cold in every limb,
The Furnace Fire is the bait for *Him!*

Faster and faster still he goes,
Whilst redder and redder the welkin glows,
And the lowest clouds that scud in the sky
Get crimson fringes in flitting by.
Till lo! amid the lurid light,
The darkest object intensely dark,
Just where the bright is intensely bright,
The Forge, the Forge itself is in sight,
Like the pitch-black hull of a burning bark,
With volleying smoke, and many a spark,
Vomiting fire, red, yellow, and white!

Restless, quivering tongues of flame!
Heavenward striving still to go,
While others, reversed in the stream below,
Seem seeking a place we will not name,
But well that Traveller knows the same,

Who stops and stands,
So rubbing his hands,
And snuffing the rare
Perfumes in the air,
For old familiar odours are there,
And then direct by the shortest cut,
Like Alpine Marmot, whom neither rut,
Rivers, rocks, nor thickets rebut,
Makes his way to the blazing Hut!

PART II.

Idly watching the Furnace-flames,
The men of the stithy
Are in their smithy,
Brutal monsters, with bulky frames,
Beings Humanity scarcely claims,
But hybrids rather of demon race,
Unbless'd by the holy rite of grace,
Who never had gone by Christian names,
Mark, or Matthew, Peter, or James—
Naked, foul, unshorn, unkempt,
From touch of natural shame exempt,
Things of which Delirium has dreamt—
But wherefore dwell on these verbal sketches,
When traced with frightful truth and vigour,
Costume, attitude, face, and figure,
Retsch has drawn the very wretches!

However, there they lounge about,
The grim, gigantic fellows,
Hardly hearing the storm without,
That makes so very dreadful a rout,
For the constant roar
From the furnace door,
And the blast of the monstrous bellows!

Oh, what a scene
That Forge had been
For Salvator Rosa's study!
With wall, and beam, and post, and pin,
And those ruffianly creatures, like Shapes of Sin,
Hair, and eyes, and rusty skin;
Illumed by a light so ruddy
The Hut, and whatever there is therein,
Looks either red-hot or bloody!

And, oh! to hear the frequent burst
Of strange extravagant laughter,
Harsh and hoarse,
And resounding perforce
From echoing roof and rafter!
Though curses, the worst
That ever were curst,
And threats that Cain invented the first,
Come growling the instant after!

But again the livelier peal is rung,
For the Smith-hight Salamander,

In the jargon of some Titanic tongue,
Elsewhere never said or sung,
With the voice of a Stentor in joke has flung
Some cumbrous sort
Of sledge-hammer retort
At Red-Beard, the crew's commander.

Some frightful jest—who knows how wild,
Or obscene, from a monster so defiled,
And a horrible mouth, of such extent,
From flapping ear to ear it went,
And show'd such tusks whenever it smiled—
The very mouth to devour a child!

But fair or foul the jest gives birth
To another bellow of demon mirth,
That far outroars the weather,
As if all the Hyænas that prowl the earth
Had clubb'd their laughs together!

And lo! in the middle of all the din,
Not seeming to care a single pin,
For a prospect so volcanic,
A stranger steps abruptly in,
Of an aspect rather Satanic:
And he looks with a grin, at those Cyclops grim,
Who stare and grin again at him
With wondrous little panic.

Then up to the Furnace the Stranger goes,
Eager to thaw his ears and nose,
And warm his frozen fingers and toes—
While each succeeding minute,
Hotter and hotter the smithy grows,
And seems to declare,
By a fiercer glare,
On wall, roof, floor, and everywhere,
It knows the Devil is in it!

Still not a word
Is utter'd or heard,
But the beetle-brow'd Foreman nods and winks,
Much as a shaggy old Lion blinks,
And makes a shift
To impart his drift
To a smoky brother, who joining the links,
Hints to a third the thing he thinks;
And whatever it be,
They all agree
In smiling with faces full of glee,
As if about to enjoy High Jinks.

What sort of tricks they mean to play
By way of diversion, who can say,
Of such ferocious and barbarous folk,
Who chuckled, indeed, and never spoke
Of burning Robert the Jäger to coke,
Except as a capital practical joke!

Who never thought of Mercy, or heard her,
Or any gentle emotion felt;
But hard as the iron they had to melt,
Sported with Danger and romp'd with Murder!

Meanwhile the Stranger—
The Brocken Ranger,
Besides another and hotter post,
That renders him not averse to a roast,—
Creeping into the Furnace almost,
Has made himself as warm as a toast—
When, unsuspicious of any danger,
And least of all of any such maggot,
As treating his body like a faggot,
All at once he is seized and shoven
In pastime cruel,
Like so much fuel,
Headlong into the blazing oven!

In he goes! with a frightful shout
Mock'd by the rugged ruffianly band,
As round the Furnace mouth they stand,
Bar, and shovel, and ladle in hand,
To hinder their Butt from crawling out,
Who making one fierce attempt, but vain,
Receives such a blow
From Red-Beard's crow
As crashes the skull and gashes the brain,
And blind, and dizzy, and stunn'd with pain,

With merely an interjectional oh!
Back he rolls in the flames again.
"Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!" That second fall
Seems the very best joke of all,
To judge by the roar,
Twice as loud as before,
That fills the Hut from the roof to the floor,
And flies a league or two out of the door,
Up the mountain and over the moor—
But scarcely the jolly echoes they wake,
Have well begun
To take up the fun,
Ere the shaggy Felons have cause to quake,
And begin to feel that the deed they have done,
Instead of being a pleasant one,
Was a very great error—and no mistake.

For why?—in lieu
Of its former hue,
So natural, warm, and florid,
The Furnace burns of a brimstone blue,
And instead of the *couleur de rose* it threw,
With a cooler reflection,—justly due—
Exhibits each of the Pagan crew,
Livid, ghastly, and horrid!
But vainly they close their guilty eyes
Against prophetic fears;
Or with hard and horny palms devise
To dam their enormous ears—

There are sounds in the air,
Not here or there,
Irresistible voices everywhere,
No bulwarks can ever rubut,
And to match the screams,
Tremendous gleams,
Of Horrors that like the Phantoms of dreams
They see with their eyelids shut!
For awful coveys of terrible things,
With forked tongues and venomous stings,
On hagweed, broomsticks, and leathern wings,
Are hovering round the Hut!

Shapes, that within the focus bright
Of the Forge, are like shadows and blots;
But farther off, in the shades of night,
Clothed with their own phosphoric light,
Are seen in the darkest spots.
Sounds! that fill the air with noises,
Strange and indescribable voices,
From Hags, in a diabolical clatter—
Cats that spit curses, and apes that chatter
Scraps of cabalistical matter—
Owls that screech, and dogs that yell—
Skeleton hounds that will never be fatter—
All the domestic tribes of Hell,
Shrieking for flesh to tear and tatter,
Bones to shatter,
And limbs to scatter,
And who it is that must furnish the latter

Those blue-looking men know well!
Those blue-looking men that huddle together,
For all their sturdy limbs and thews,
Their unshorn locks, like Nazarene Jews,
And buffalo beards, and hides of leather,
Huddled all in a heap together,
Like timid lamb, and ewe, and wether,
And as females say,
In a similar way,
Fit for knocking down with a feather!
In and out, in and out,
The gathering Goblins hover about,
Ev'ry minute augmenting the rout;
For like a spell
The unearthly smell
That fumes from the Furnace, chimney and mouth,
Draws them in—an infernal Legion—
From East, and West, and North, and South,
Like carrion birds from ev'ry region,
Till not a yard square
Of the sickening air
But has a Demon or two for its share,
Breathing fury, woe, and despair.
Never, never was such a sight!
It beats the very Walpurgis Night,
Display'd in the story of Doctor Faustus,
For the scene to describe,
Of the awful tribe,
If we were *two* Göthes would quite exhaust us!

Suffice it, amid that dreary swarm,
There musters each foul repulsive form
That ever a fancy overwarm
Begot in its worst delirium;
Besides some others of monstrous size,
Never before revealed to eyes,
Of the genus Megatherium!

Meanwhile the demons, filthy and foul,
Gorgon, Chimera, Harpy, and Ghoul,
Are not contented to jibber and howl
As a dirge for their late commander;
But one of the bevy—witch or wizard,
Disguised as a monstrous flying lizard,
Springs on the grisly Salamander,
Who stoutly fights, and struggles, and kicks,
And tries the best of his wrestling tricks,
No paltry strife,
But for life, dear life,
But the ruthless talons refuse to unfix,
Till far beyond a surgical case,
With starting eyes and black in the face,
Down he tumbles as dead as bricks!
A pretty sight for his mates to view!
Those shaggy murderers looking so blue,
And for him above all,
Red-bearded and tall,
With whom, at that very particular nick,
There is such an unlucky crow to pick,
As the one of iron that did the trick

In a recent bloody affair—
No wonder feeling a little sick,
With pulses beating uncommonly quick,
And breath he never found so thick,
He longs for the open air!

Three paces, or four,
And he gains the door;
But ere he accomplishes one,
The sound of a blow comes, heavy and dull,
And clasping his fingers round his skull,
However the deed was done,
That gave him that florid
Red gash on the forehead—
With a roll of the eyeballs perfectly horrid,
There 's a tremulous quiver,
The last death-shiver,
And Red-Beard's course is run!

Halloo! Halloo!
They have done for two!
But a heavyish job remains to do!
For yonder, sledge and shovel in hand,
Like elder Sons of Giant Despair,
A couple of Cyclops make a stand,
And fiercely hammering here and there,
Keep at bay the Powers of Air—
But desperation is all in vain!—
They faint—they choke,
For the sulphurous smoke

Is poisoning heart, and lung, and brain,
They reel, they sink, they gasp, they smother;
One for a moment survives his brother,
Then rolls a corpse across the other!

Hulloo! Hulloo!
And Hullabaloo!
There is only one more thing to do—
And seized by beak, and talon, and claw,
Bony hand, and hairy paw,
Yea, crooked horn, and tusky jaw,
The four huge Bodies are haul'd and shoven
Each after each in the roaring oven!

* * * *
* * * *
* * * *

That Eisen Hutte is standing still,
Go to the Hartz whenever you will,
And there it is beside a hill,
And a rapid stream that turns many a mill;
The self-same Forge,—you 'll know it at sight—
Casting upward, day and night,
Flames of red, and yellow, and white!

Ay, half a mile from the mountain gorge,
There it is, the famous Forge,
With its Furnace,—the same that blazed of yore,—
Hugely fed with fuel and ore;

But ever since that tremendous Revel,
Whatever Iron is melted therein,—
As travellers know who have been to Berlin—
Is all *as black as the Devil!*

"THE LAST MAN."

'Twas in the year two thousand and one,
A pleasant morning of May,
I sat on the gallows-tree all alone,
A chanting a merry lay,—
To think how the pest had spared my life,
To sing with the larks that day!

When up the heath came a jolly knave,
Like a scarecrow, all in rags:
It made me crow to see his old duds
All abroad in the wind, like flags:—
So up he came to the timbers' foot
And pitch'd down his greasy bags.—

Good Lord! how blithe the old beggar was!
At pulling out his scraps,—
The very sight of his broken orts
Made a work in his wrinkled chaps:
"Come down," says he, "you Newgate-bird,
And have a taste of my snaps!"——

Then down the rope, like a tar from the mast,
I slided, and by him stood;

But I wish'd myself on the gallows again
When I smelt that beggar's food,—
A foul beef-bone and a mouldy crust;—
"Oh!" quoth he, "the heavens are good!"

Then after this grace he cast him down
Says I, "You 'll get sweeter air
A pace or two off, on the windward side,"—
For the felons' bones lay there—
But he only laugh'd at the empty skulls,
And offer'd them part of his fare.

"I never harm'd *them*, and they won't harm me:
Let the proud and the rich be cravens!"
I did not like that strange beggar man,
He look'd so up at the heavens.
Anon he shook out his empty old poke;
"There 's the crumbs," saith he, "for the ravens!"

It made me angry to see his face,
It had such a jesting look;
But while I made up my mind to speak,
A small case-bottle he took:
Quoth he, "Though I gather the green water-cress,
My drink is not of the brook!"

Full manners-like he tender'd the dram;
Oh, it came of a dainty cask!
But, whenever it came to his turn to pull,
"Your leave, good Sir, I must ask;

But I always wipe the brim with my sleeve,
When a hangman sups at my flask!"

And then he laugh'd so loudly and long,
The churl was quite out of breath;
I thought the very Old One was come
To mock me before my death,
And wish'd I had buried the dead men's bones
That were lying about the heath!

But the beggar gave me a jolly clap—
"Come, let us pledge each other,
For all the wide world is dead beside,
And we are brother and brother—
I've a yearning for thee in my heart,
As if we had come of one mother.

"I've a yearning for thee in my heart
That almost makes me weep,
For as I pass'd from town to town
The folks were all stone-asleep,—
But when I saw thee sitting aloft,
It made me both laugh and leap!"

Now a curse (I thought) be on his love,
And a curse upon his mirth,—
An' it were not for that beggar man
I'd be the King of the earth,—
But I promised myself, an hour should come
To make him rue his birth!—

So down we sat and bous'd again
Till the sun was in mid-sky,
When, just when the gentle west-wind came,
We hearken'd a dismal cry;
"Up, up, on the tree," quoth the beggar man
"Till these horrible dogs go by!"

And, lo! from the forest's far-off skirts,
They came all yelling for gore,
A hundred hounds pursuing at once,
And a panting hart before,
Till he sunk adown at the gallows' foot
And there his haunches they tore!

His haunches they tore, without a horn
To tell when the chase was done;
And there was not a single scarlet coat
To flaunt it in the sun!—
I turn'd, and look'd at the beggar man,
And his tears dropt one by one!

And with curses sore he chid at the hounds,
Till the last dropt out of sight,
Anon, saith he, "let 's down again,
And ramble for our delight,
For the world 's all free, and we may choose
A right cozie barn for to-night!"

With that, he set up his staff on end,
And it fell with the point due West;

So we far'd that way to a city great,
Where the folks had died of the pest—
It was fine to enter in house and hall,
Wherever it liked me best;—

For the porters all were stiff and cold,
And could not lift their heads;
And when he came where their masters lay,
The rats leapt out of the beds:—
The grandest palaces in the land
Were as free as workhouse sheds.

But the beggar man made a mumping face,
And knock'd at every gate:
It made me curse to hear how he whin'd
So our fellowship turn'd to hate,
And I bade him walk the world by himself,
For I scorn'd so humble a mate!

So *he* turn'd right and *I* turn'd left,
As if we had never met;
And I chose a fair stone house for myself,
For the city was all to let;
And for three brave holidays drank my fill
Of the choicest that I could get.

And because my jerkin was coarse and worn,
I got me a properer vest;
It was purple velvet, stitch'd o'er with gold,
And a shining star at the breast,—

'Twas enough to fetch old Joan from her grave
To see me so purely drest!—

But Joan was dead and under the mould,
And every buxom lass;
In vain I watch'd at the window pane,
For a Christian soul to pass;—
But sheep and kine wander'd up the street,
And browz'd on the new-come grass.—

When lo! I spied the old beggar man,
And lustily he did sing!—
His rags were lapp'd in a scarlet cloak,
And a crown he had like a King;
So he stept right up before my gate
And danced me a saucy fling!

Heaven mend us all!—but, within my mind,
I had kill'd him then and there;
To see him lording so braggart-like
That was born to his beggar's fare,
And how he had stolen the royal crown
His betters were meant to wear.

But God forbid that a thief should die
Without his share of the laws!
So I nimbly whipt my tackle out,
And soon tied up his claws,—
I was judge myself, and jury, and all,
And solemnly tried the cause.

But the beggar man would not plead, but cried
Like a babe without its corals,
For he knew how hard it is apt to go
When the law and a thief have quarrels,—
There was not a Christian soul alive
To speak a word for his morals.

Oh, how gaily I doff'd my costly gear,
And put on my work-day clothes;
I was tired of such a long Sunday life,—
And never was one of the sloths;
But the beggar man grumbled a weary deal,
And made many crooked mouths.

So I haul'd him off to the gallows' foot,
And blinded him in his bags;
'Twas a weary job to heave him up,
For a doom'd man always lags;
But by ten of the clock he was off his legs
In the wind and airing his rags!

So there he hung and there I stood,
The LAST MAN left alive,
To have my own will of all the earth:
Quoth I, now I shall thrive!
But when was ever honey made
With one bee in a hive!

My conscience began to gnaw my heart,
Before the day was done,

For the other men's lives had all gone out,
Like candles in the sun!—
But it seem'd as if I had broke, at last,
A thousand necks in one!

So I went and cut his body down,
To bury it decentlie;—
God send there were any good soul alive
To do the like by me!
But the wild dogs came with terrible speed,
And bay'd me up the tree!

My sight was like a drunkard's sight,
And my head began to swim,
To see their jaws all white with foam,
Like the ravenous ocean-brim;—
But when the wild dogs trotted away
Their jaws were bloody and grim!

Their jaws were bloody and grim, good Lord!
But the beggar man, where was he?—
There was nought of him but some ribbons of rags
Below the gallows' tree!—
I know the Devil, when I am dead,
Will send his hounds for me!—

I've buried my babies one by one,
And dug the deep hole for Joan,
And cover'd the faces of kith and kin,
And felt the old churchyard stone

Go cold to my heart, full many a time,
But I never felt so lone!

For the lion and Adam were company,
And the tiger him beguil'd;
But the simple kine are foes to my life,
And the household brutes are wild.
If the veriest cur would lick my hand,
I could love it like a child!

And the beggar man's ghost besets my dream,
At night, to make me madder,—
And my wretched conscience, within my breast,
Is like a stinging adder;—
I sigh when I pass the gallows' foot,
And look at the rope and ladder!

For hanging looks sweet,—but, alas! in vain,
My desperate fancy begs,—
I must turn my cup of sorrows quite up,
And drink it to the dregs,—
For there is not another man alive,
In the world, to pull my legs!

THE SEASON.

Summer's gone and over!
Fogs are falling down;
And with russet tinges
Autumn's doing brown.

Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the Book of Nature
Getteth short of leaves.

Round the tops of houses,
Swallows, as they flit,
Give, like yearly tenants,
Notices to quit.

Skies, of fickle temper,
Weep by turns, and laugh—
Night and Day together
Taking half-and-half.

So September endeth—
Cold, and most perverse—
But the Month that follows,
Sure will pinch us worse!

LOVE.

O Love! what art thou, Love? the ace of hearts,
Trumping earth's kings and queens, and all its suits;
A player, masquerading many parts
In life's odd carnival;—a boy that shoots,
From ladies' eyes, such mortal woundy darts;
A gardener, pulling heart's-ease up by the roots;
The Puck of Passion—partly false—part real—
A marriageable maiden's "beau ideal."

O Love! what art thou, Love? a wicked thing,
Making green misses spoil their work at school;
A melancholy man, cross-gartering?
Grave ripe-faced wisdom made an April fool?
A youngster, tilting at a wedding ring?
A sinner, sitting on a cuttie stool?
A Ferdinand de Something in a hovel,
Helping Matilda Rose to make a novel?

O Love! what art thou, Love? one that is bad
With palpitations of the heart—like mine—
A poor bewilder'd maid, making so sad
A necklace of her garters—fell design!

A poet, gone unreasonably mad,
  Ending his sonnets with a hempen line?
O Love!—but whither, now? forgive me, pray;
I'm not the first that Love hath led astray.

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

AN OLD BALLAD.

YOUNG Ben he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetch'd a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The Boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,
He 'll be as good as me;
For when your swain is in our boat,
A boatswain he will be."

So when they 'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"
She cried, and wept outright:
"Then I will to the water side,
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her,
"Now, young woman," said he,
"If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas! they 've taken my beau, Ben,
To sail with old Benbow;"
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she 'd said, Gee woe!

Says he, "They 've only taken him
To the Tender-ship, you see;"
"The Tender-ship," cried Sally Brown,
"What a hard-ship that must be!

"Oh! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I 'd follow him;
But Oh!—I 'm not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath
The virgin and the scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sail'd to many a place
That 's underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all her sails were furl'd.

But when he call'd on Sally Brown,
To see how she got on,
He found she 'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian-name was John.

"Oh, Sally Brown, Oh, Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so,
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow!"

Then reading on his 'bacco box,
He heaved a heavy sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All 's Well,"
But could not, though he tried;
His head was turn'd, and so he chew'd
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happen'd in his birth,
At forty-odd befell:
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell.

FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms!

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot!"

The army-surgeons made him limbs:
Said he, "They're only pegs:
But there 's as wooden members quite,
As represent my legs!"

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to pay her his devours,
When he devoured his pay!

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off!

"Oh, Nelly Gray! Oh, Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform!"

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave!

"Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now!"

"Oh, Nelly Gray! Oh, Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call, I left my legs,
In Badajos's *breaches!*"

"Why then," said she, "you 've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms!"

"Oh, false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse:—
Though I've no feet—some other man
Is standing in my shoes!

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death;—alas!
You will not be my *Nell!*"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got—
And life was such a burthen grown,
It made him take a knot!

So round his melancholy neck,
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line!

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off,—of course,
He soon was off his legs!

And there he hung, till he was dead
As any nail in town,—
For, though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down!

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died—
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a *stake* in his inside!

BIANCA'S DREAM.

A VENETIAN STORY.

I.

Bianca!—fair Bianca!—who could dwell
With safety on her dark and hazel gaze,
Nor find there lurk'd in it a witching spell,
Fatal to balmy nights and blessed days?
The peaceful breath that made the bosom swell,
She turn'd to gas, and set it in a blaze;
Each eye of hers had Love's Eupyrion in it,
That he could light his link at in a minute.

II.

So that, wherever in her charms she shone,
A thousand breasts were kindled into flame;
Maidens who cursed her looks forgot their own,
And beaux were turn'd to flambeaux where she came;
All hearts indeed were conquer'd but her own,
Which none could ever temper down or tame:
In short, to take our haberdasher's hints,
She might have written over it,—"From Flints."

III.

She was, in truth, the wonder of her sex,
At least in Venice—where with eyes of brown,
Tenderly languid, ladies seldom vex
An amorous gentle with a needless frown;
Where gondolas convey guitars by pecks,
And love at casements climbeth up and down,
Whom for his tricks and custom in that kind,
Some have considered a Venetian blind.

IV.

Howbeit, this difference was quickly taught,
Amongst more youths who had this cruel jailor,
To hapless Julio—all in vain he sought
With each new moon his hatter and his tailor;
In vain the richest padusoy he bought,
And went in bran new beaver to assail her—
As if to show that Love had made him *smart*
All over—and not merely round his heart.

V.

In vain he labour'd thro' the sylvan park
Bianca haunted in—that where she came,
Her learned eyes in wandering might mark
The twisted cipher of her maiden name,
Wholesomely going thro' a course of bark:
No one was touch'd or troubled by his flame,
Except the Dryads, those old maids that grow
In trees,—like wooden dolls in embryo.

VI.

In vain complaining elegies he writ,
And taught his tuneful instrument to grieve,
And sang in quavers how his heart was split,
Constant beneath her lattice with each eve;
She mock'd his wooing with her wicked wit,
And slash'd his suit so that it match'd his sleeve,
Till he grew silent at the vesper star,
And quite despairing, hamstring'd his guitar.

VII.

Bianca's heart was coldly frosted o'er
With snows unmelting—an eternal sheet,
But his was red within him, like the core
Of old Vesuvius, with perpetual heat;
And oft he long'd internally to pour
His flames and glowing lava at her feet,
But when his burnings he began to spout,
She stopp'd his mouth, and put the *crater* out.

VIII.

Meanwhile he wasted in the eyes of men,
So thin, he seem'd a sort of skeleton-key
Suspended at death's door—so pale—and then
He turn'd as nervous as an aspen tree;
The life of man is three-score years and ten,
But he was perishing at twenty-three,
For people truly said, as grief grew stronger,
"It could not shorten his poor life—much longer."

IX.

For why, he neither slept, nor drank, nor fed,
Nor relish'd any kind of mirth below;
Fire in his heart, and frenzy in his head,
Love had become his universal foe,
Salt in his sugar—nightmare in his bed,
At last, no wonder wretched Julio,
A sorrow-ridden thing, in utter dearth
Of hope,—made up his mind to cut her girth!

X.

For hapless lovers always died of old,
Sooner than chew reflection's bitter cud;
So Thisbe stuck herself, what time 'tis told,
The tender-hearted mulberries wept blood;
And so poor Sappho, when her boy was cold,
Drown'd her salt tear drops in a salter flood,
Their fame still breathing, tho' their breath be past,
For those old *suitors* lived beyond their last.

XI.

So Julio went to drown,—when life was dull,
But took his corks, and merely had a bath;
And once, he pull'd a trigger at his skull,
But merely broke a window in his wrath;
And once, his hopeless being to annul,
He tied a pack-thread to a beam of lath,
A line so ample, 'twas a query whether
'Twas meant to be a halter or a tether.

XII.

Smile not in scorn, that Julio did not thrust
His sorrows thro'—'tis horrible to die!
And come down with our little all of dust,
That dun of all the duns to satisfy;
To leave life's pleasant city as we must,
In Death's most dreary sponging-house to lie,
Where even all our personals must go
To pay the debt of Nature that we owe!

XIII.

So Julio lived:—'twas nothing but a pet
He took at life—a momentary spite;
Besides, he hoped that time would some day get
The better of love's flame, however bright;
A thing that time has never compass'd yet,
For love, we know, is an immortal light.
Like that old fire, that, quite beyond a doubt,
Was always in,—for none have found it out.

XIV. [Night

Meanwhile, Bianca dream'd—'twas once when
Along the darken'd plain began to creep,
Like a young Hottentot, whose eyes are bright,
Altho' in skin as sooty as a sweep:
The flow'rs had shut their eyes—the zephyr light
Was gone, for it had rock'd the leaves to sleep,
And all the little birds had laid their heads
Under their wings—sleeping in feather beds.

XV.

Lone in her chamber sate the dark-eyed maid,
By easy stages jaunting thro' her prayers,
But list'ning side-long to a serenade,
That robb'd the saints a little of their shares;
For Julio underneath the lattice play'd
His Deh Vieni, and such amorous airs,
Born only underneath Italian skies,
Where every fiddle has a Bridge of Sighs.

XVI.

Sweet was the tune—the words were even sweeter,
Praising her eyes, her lips, her nose, her hair,
With all the common tropes wherewith in metre
The hackney poets overcharge their fair.
Her shape was like Diana's, but completer;
Her brow with Grecian Helen's might compare.
Cupid, alas! was cruel Sagittarius,
Julio—the weeping water-man Aquarius.

XVII.

Now, after listing to such laudings rare,
'Twas very natural indeed to go—
What if she did postpone one little pray'r—
To ask her mirror "if it was not so?"
'Twas a large mirror, none the worse for wear,
Reflecting her at once from top to toe:
And there she gazed upon that glossy track,
That show'd her front face tho' it "gave her back."

XVIII.

And long her lovely eyes were held in thrall,
By that dear page where first the woman
That Julio was no flatt'rer, none at all, [reads:
She told herself—and then she told her beads;
Meanwhile, the nerves insensibly let fall
Two curtains fairer than the lily breeds;
For sleep had crept and kiss'd her unawares,
Just at the half-way milestone of her pray'rs.

XIX.

Then like a drooping rose so bended she,
Till her bow'd head upon her hand reposed;
But still she plainly saw, or seem'd to see,
That fair reflection, tho' her eyes were closed,
A beauty bright as it was wont to be,
A portrait Fancy painted while she dozed:
'Tis very natural, some people say,
To dream of what we dwell on in the day.

XX.

Still shone her face—yet not, alas! the same,
But 'gan some dreary touches to assume,
And sadder thoughts, with sadder changes came—
Her eyes resign'd their light, her lips their bloom,
Her teeth fell out, her tresses did the same,
Her cheeks were tinged with bile, her eyes
with rheum:
There was a throbbing at her heart within,
For, oh! there was a shooting in her chin.

XXI.

And lo! upon her sad desponding brow,
The cruel trenches of besieging age,
With seams, but most unseemly, 'gan to show
Her place was booking for the seventh stage;
And where her raven tresses used to flow,
Some locks that time had left her in his rage,
And some mock ringlets, made her forehead shady
A compound (like our Psalms) of tête and braidy.

XXII.

Then for her shape—alas! how Saturn wrecks,
And bends, and corkscrews all the frame about,
Doubles the hams, and crooks the straightest necks,
Draws in the nape, and pushes forth the snout,
Makes backs and stomachs concave or convex:
Witness those pensioners call'd In and Out,
Who all day watching first and second rater,
Quaintly unbend themselves—but grow no straighter.

XXIII.

So Time with fair Bianca dealt, and made
Her shape a bow, that once was like an arrow;
His iron hand upon her spine he laid,
And twisted all awry her "winsome marrow."

In truth it was a change!—she had obey'd
The holy Pope before her chest grew narrow,
But spectacles and palsy seem'd to make her
Something between a Glassite and a Quaker.

XXIV.

Her grief and gall meanwhile were quite extreme,
And she had ample reason for her trouble;
For what sad maiden can endure to seem
Set in for singleness, tho' growing double.
The fancy madden'd her; but now the dream,
Grown thin by getting bigger, like a bubble,
Burst,—but still left some fragments of its size,
That, like the soapsuds, smarted in her eyes.

XXV.

And here—just here—as she began to heed
The real world, her clock chimed out its score;
A clock it was of the Venetian breed,
That cried the hour from one to twenty-four;
The works moreover standing in some need
Of workmanship, it struck some dozens more;
A warning voice that clench'd Bianca's fears,
Such strokes referring doubtless to her years.

XXVI.

At fifteen chimes she was but half a nun,
By twenty she had quite renounced the veil;
She thought of Julio just at twenty-one,
And thirty made her very sad and pale,

To paint that ruin where her charms would run;
At forty all the maid began to fail,
And thought no higher, as the late dream cross'd her,
Of single blessedness, than single Gloster.

XXVII.

And so Bianca changed;—the next sweet even,
With Julio in a black Venetian bark,
Row'd slow and stealthily—the hour, eleven,
Just sounding from the tow'r of old St. Mark
She sate with eyes turn'd quietly to heav'n,
Perchance rejoicing in the grateful dark
That veil'd her blushing cheek,—for Julio brought her
Of course—to break the ice upon the water.

XXVIII.

But what a puzzle is one's serious mind
To open;—oysters, when the ice is thick,
Are not so difficult and disinclined;
And Julio felt the declaration stick
About his throat in a most awful kind;
However, he contrived by bits to pick
His trouble forth,—much like a rotten cork
Groped from a long-neck'd bottle with a fork.

XXIX.

But love is still the quickest of all readers;
And Julio spent besides those signs profuse

That English telegraphs and foreign pleaders,
In help of language, are so apt to use,
Arms, shoulders, fingers, all were intercederS,
Nods, shrugs, and bends,—Bianca could not
But soften to his suit with more facility, [choose
He told his story with so much agility.

XXX.

"Be thou my park, and I will be thy dear,
(So he began at last to speak or quote;)
Be thou my bark, and I thy gondolier,
(For passion takes this figurative note;)
Be thou my light, and I thy chandelier;
Be thou my dove, and I will be thy cote:
My lily be, and I will be thy river;
Be thou my life—and I will be thy liver."

XXXI.

This, with more tender logic of the kind,
He pour'd into her small and shell-like ear,
That timidly against his lips inclined;
Meanwhile her eyes glanced on the silver sphere
That even now began to steal behind
A dewy vapour, which was lingering near,
Wherein the dull moon crept all dim and pale,
Just like a virgin putting on the veil:—

XXXII.

Bidding adieu to all her sparks—the stars,
That erst had woo'd and worshipp'd in her train,

Saturn and Hesperus, and gallant Mars—
Never to flirt with heavenly eyes again.
Meanwhile, remindful of the convent bars,
Bianca did not watch these signs in vain,
But turn'd to Julio at the dark eclipse,
With words, like verbal kisses, on her lips.

XXXIII.

He took the hint full speedily, and, back'd
By love, and night, and the occasion's meetness,
Bestow'd a something on her cheek that smack'd
(Tho' quite in silence) of ambrosial sweetness;
That made her think all other kisses lack'd
Till then, but what she knew not, of completeness:
Being used but sisterly salutes to feel,
Insipid things—like sandwiches of veal.

XXXIV.

He took her hand, and soon she felt him wring
The pretty fingers all instead of one;
Anon his stealthy arm began to cling
About her waist that had been clasp'd by none;
Their dear confessions I forbear to sing,
Since cold description would but be outrun;
For bliss and Irish watches have the pow'r,
In twenty minutes, to lose half an hour!

THE DEMON-SHIP.

'Twas off the Wash—the sun went down—the sea
look'd black and grim,
For stormy clouds with murky fleece, were muster-
ing at the brim;
Titanic shades! enormous gloom!—as if the solid
night
Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the light!
It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,
With such a dark conspiracy between the sea and
sky!

Down went my helm—close reef'd—the tack held
freely in my hand—
With ballast snug—I put about, and scudded for
the land.
Loud hiss'd the sea beneath her lee—my little
boat flew fast,
But faster still the rushing storm came borne upon
the blast.
Lord! what a roaring hurricane beset the strain-
ing sail!
What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce as-
saults of hail!

What darksome caverns yawn'd before! what jagged steeps behind!
Like battle-steeds, with foamy manes, wild tossing in the wind.
Each after each sank down astern, exhausted in the chase,
But where it sank another rose and gallop'd in its place;
As black as night—they turn'd to white, and cast against the cloud
A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturn'd a sailor's shroud:
Still flew my boat; alas! alas! her course was nearly run!
Behold yon fatal billow rise—ten billows heap'd in one!
With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling, rolling, fast,
As if the scooping sea contain'd one only wave at last!
Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift pursuing grave;
It seem'd as though some cloud had turn'd its hugeness to a wave!
Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my face—
I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its swelling base!
I saw its alpine hoary head impending over mine!
Another pulse—and down it rush'd—an avalanche of brine!

Brief pause had I, on God to cry, or think of wife
and home;
The waters closed—and when I shriek'd, I shriek'd
below the foam!
Beyond that rush I have no hint of any after
deed—
For I was tossing on the waste, as senseless as a
weed.

* * * *

"Where am I? in the breathing world, or in the
world of death?"
With sharp and sudden pang I drew another birth
of breath;
My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a
doubtful sound—
And was that ship a *real* ship whose tackle seem'd
around?

A moon as if the earthly moon, was shining up
aloft;
But were those beams the very beams that I had
seen so oft?
A face, that mock'd the human face, before me
watch'd alone;
But were those eyes the eyes of man that look'd
against my own?

Oh! never may the moon again disclose me such
a sight [night!
As met my gaze, when first I look'd on that accursed

I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce extremes
Of fever; and most frightful things have haunted in my dreams—
Hyenas—cats—blood-loving bats—and apes with hateful stare,—
Pernicious snakes, and shaggy bulls—the lion and she-bear—
Strong enemies, with Judas looks, of treachery and spite—
Detested features, hardly dimm'd and banish'd by the light!

Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, upstarting from their tombs—
All phantasies and images that flit in midnight glooms—
Hags, goblins, demons, lemures, have made me all aghast,—
But nothing like that GRIMLY ONE who stood beside the mast!

His cheek was black—his brow was black—his eyes and hair as dark:
His hand was black, and where it touch'd, it left a sable mark;
His throat was black, his vest the same, and when I look'd beneath,
His breast was black—all, all was black, except his grinning teeth.

His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as Afric
slaves!
Oh, horror! e'en the ship was black that plough'd
the inky waves!

"Alas!" I cried, "for love of truth and blessed
mercy's sake,
Where am I? in what dreadful ship? upon what
dreadful lake?
What shape is that, so very grim, and black as
any coal?
It is Mahound, the Evil One, and he has gain'd
my soul!
Oh, mother dear! my tender nurse! dear meadows
that beguil'd
My happy days, when I was yet a little sinless
child,—
My mother dear—my native fields, I never more
shall see:
I 'm sailing in the Devil's Ship, upon the Devil's
sea!"
Loud laugh'd that SABLE MARINER, and loudly
in return
His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang from
stem to stern—
A dozen pair of grimly cheeks were crumpled on
the nonce—
As many sets of grinning teeth came shining out
at once:
A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoy'd the merry
[fit,

With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like demons of the Pit.
They crow'd their fill, and then the Chief made answer for the whole;—
"Our skins," said he, "are black ye see, because we carry coal;
You'll find your mother sure enough, and see your native fields—
For this here ship has pick'd you up—the Mary Ann of Shields!"

SPRING.

A NEW VERSION.

Ham. "The air bites shrewdly—it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air."

HAMLET.

"COME, *gentle* Spring! ethereal *mildness* come!"
Oh! Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason,
How couldst thou thus poor human nature hum?
There 's no such season.

The Spring! I shrink and shudder at her name!
For why, I find her breath a bitter blighter!
And suffer from her *blows* as if they came
From Spring the Fighter.

Her praises, then, let hardy poets sing,
And be her tuneful laureates and upholders,
Who do not feel as if they had a *Spring*
Pour'd down their shoulders!

Let others eulogize her floral shows,
From me they cannot win a single stanza,
I know her blooms are in full blow—and so 's
The Influenza.

Her cowslips, stocks, and lilies of the vale,
  Her honey-blossoms that you hear the bees at,
Her pansies, daffodils, and primrose pale,
  Are things I sneeze at!

Fair is the vernal quarter of the year!
  And fair its early buddings and its blowings—
But just suppose Consumption's seeds appear
  With other sowings!

For me, I find, when eastern winds are high,
  A frigid, not a genial inspiration;
Nor can, like Iron-Chested Chubb, defy
  An inflammation.

Smitten by breezes from the land of plague,
  To me all vernal luxuries are fables,
Oh! where 's the *Spring* in a rheumatic leg,
  Stiff as a table's?

I limp in agony,—I wheeze and cough;
  And quake with Ague, that great Agitator;
Nor dream, before July, of leaving off
  My Respirator.

What wonder if in May itself I lack
  A peg for laudatory verse to hang on?—
Spring mild and gentle!—yes, a Spring-heeled
    Jack
  To those he sprang on.

In short, whatever panegyrics lie
  In fulsome odes too many to be cited,
The tenderness of Spring is all my eye,
  And that is blighted!

THE FLOWER.

Alone, across a foreign plain,
The Exile slowly wanders,
And on his Isle beyond the main
With sadden'd spirit ponders:

This lovely Isle beyond the sea,
With all its household treasures;
Its cottage homes, its merry birds,
And all its rural pleasures:

Its leafy woods, its shady vales,
Its moors, and purple heather;
Its verdant fields bedeck'd with stars
His childhood loved to gather:

When lo! he starts, with glad surprise,
Home-joys come rushing o'er him,
For "modest, wee, and crimson-tipp'd,"
He spies the flower before him!

With eager haste he stoops him down,
His eyes with moisture hazy,
And as he plucks the simple bloom,
He murmurs, "Lawk-a-daisy!"

THE SEA-SPELL.

"*Cauld, cauld*, he lies beneath the deep."
Old Scotch Ballad.

It was a jolly mariner!
The tallest man of three,—
He loosed his sail against the wind,
And turn'd his boat to sea:
The ink-black sky told every eye,
A storm was soon to be!

But still that jolly mariner
Took in no reef at all,.
For, in his pouch, confidingly,
He wore a baby's caul;
A thing, as gossip-nurses know,
That always brings a squall!

His hat was new, or, newly glazed,
Shone brightly in the sun;
His jacket, like a mariner's,
True blue as e'er was spun;
His ample trousers, like Saint Paul,
Bore forty stripes save one.

And now the fretting foaming tide
He steer'd away to cross;
The bounding pinnace play'd a game
Of dreary pitch and toss;
A game that, on the good dry land,
Is apt to bring a loss!

Good Heaven befriend that little boat,
And guide her on her way!
A boat, they say, has canvas wings,
But cannot fly away!
Though, like a merry singing-bird,
She sits upon the spray!

Still south by east the little boat,
With tawny sail, kept beating:
Now out of sight, between two waves,
Now o'er th' horizon fleeting;
Like greedy swine that feed on mast,—
The waves her mast seem'd eating!

The sullen sky grew black above,
The wave as black beneath;
Each roaring billow show'd full soon
A white and foamy wreath;
Like angry dogs that snarl at first,
And then display their teeth.

The boatman look'd against the wind,
The mast began to creak,

The wave, per saltum, came and dried,
In salt upon his cheek!
The pointed wave against him rear'd,
As if it own'd a pique!

Nor rushing wind, nor gushing wave,
The boatman could alarm,
But still he stood away to sea,
And trusted in his charm;
He thought by purchase he was safe,
And arm'd against all harm!

Now thick and fast and far aslant,
The stormy rain came pouring,
He heard, upon the sandy bank,
The distant breakers roaring,—
A groaning intermitting sound,
Like Gog and Magog snoring!

The sea-fowl shriek'd around the mast,
A-head the grampus tumbled,
And far off, from a copper cloud,
The hollow thunder rumbled;
It would have quail'd another heart,
But his was never humbled.

For why? he had that infant's caul;
And wherefore should he dread?
Alas! alas! he little thought,
Before the ebb-tide sped,—

That, like that infant, he should die,
And with a watery head!

The rushing brine flowed in apace;
His boat had ne'er a deck:
Fate seem'd to call him on, and he
Attended to her beck;
And so he went, still trusting on,
Though reckless—to his wreck!

For as he left his helm, to heave
The ballast-bags a-weather,
Three monstrous seas came roaring on,
Like lions leagued together.
The two first waves the little boat
Swam over like a feather,—

The two first waves were past and gone,
And sinking in her wake;
The hugest still came leaping on,
And hissing like a snake.
Now helm a-lee! for through the midst,
The monster he must take!

Ah me! it was a dreary mount!
Its base as black as night,
Its top of pale and livid green,
Its crest of awful white,
Like Neptune with a leprosy,—
And so it rear'd upright!

With quaking sails the little boat
Climb'd up the foaming heap;
With quaking sails it paused awhile,
At balance on the steep;
Then, rushing down the nether slope,
Plunged with a dizzy sweep!

Look, how a horse, made mad with fear,
Disdains his careful guide;
So now the headlong headstrong boat,
Unmanaged, turns aside,
And straight presents her reeling flank
Against the swelling tide!

The gusty wind assaults the sail;
Her ballast lies a-lee!
The sheet 's to windward taut and stiff,
Oh! the Lively—where is she?
Her capsized keel is in the foam,
Her pennon's in the sea!

The wild gull, sailing overhead,
Three times beheld emerge
The head of that bold mariner,
And then she screamed his dirge!
For he had sunk within his grave,
Lapp'd in a shroud of surge!

The ensuing wave, with horrid foam,
Rushed o'er and covered all,

The jolly boatman's drowning scream
Was smother'd by the squall,
Heaven never heard his cry, nor did
The ocean heed his *caul.*

A SAILOR'S APOLOGY FOR BOW-LEGS.

There 's some is born with their straight legs by
natur—
And some is born with bow-legs from the first—
And some that should have grow'd a good deal
straighter,
But they were badly nurs'd,
And set, you see, like Bacchus, with their pegs
Astride of casks and kegs:
I 've got myself a sort of bow to larboard,
And starboard,
And this is what it was that warp'd my legs.—

'Twas all along of Poll, as I may say,
That foul'd my cable when I ought to slip;
But on the tenth of May,
When I gets under weigh,
Down there in Hartfordshire, to join my ship,
I sees the mail
Get under sail,
The only one there was to make the trip.
Well—I gives chase,
But as she run
Two knots to one,
There warn't no use in keeping on the race!

Well—casting round about, what next to try on,
And how to spin,
I spies an ensign with a Bloody Lion,
And bears away to leeward for the inn,
Beats round the gable,
And fetches up before the coach-horse stable:
Well—there they stand, four kickers in a row,
And so
I just makes free to cut a brown 'un's cable.
But riding isn't in a seaman's natur—
So I whips out a toughish end of yarn,
And gets a kind of sort of a land-waiter
To splice me, heel to heel,
Under the she-mare's keel,
And off I goes, and leaves the inn a-starn!

My eyes! how she did pitch!
And wouldn't keep her own to go in no line,
Tho' I kept bowsing, bowsing at her bow-line,
But always making lee-way to the ditch,
And yaw'd her head about all sorts of ways.
The devil sink the craft!
And wasn't she trimendous slack in stays!
We couldn't, no how, keep the inn abaft!
Well—I suppose
We hadn't run a knot—or much beyond—
(What will you have on it?)—but off she goes,
Up to her bends in a fresh-water pond!
There I am!—all a-back!
So I looks forward for her bridle-gears,

To heave her head round on the t'other tack;
But when I starts,
The leather parts,
And goes away right over by the ears!

What could a fellow do,
Whose legs, like mine, you know, were in the bilboes,
But trim myself upright for bringing-to,
And square his yard-arms, and brace up his elbows,
In rig all snug and clever,
Just while his craft was taking in her water?
I didn't like my burth tho', howsomdever,
Because the yarn, you see, kept getting tauter,—
Says I—I wish this job was rather shorter!

The chase had gain'd a mile
A-head, and still the she-mare stood a-drinking:
Now, all the while
Her body didn't take of course to shrinking.
Says I, she 's letting out her reefs, I 'm thinking—
And so she swell'd, and swell'd,
And yet the tackle held,
Till both my legs began to bend like winkin.
My eyes! but she took in enough to founder!
And there 's my timbers straining every bit,
Ready to split,
And her tarnation hull a-growing rounder!

Well, there—off Hartford Ness,
We lay both lash'd and water-logg'd together,
And can't contrive a signal of distress;
Thinks I, we must ride out this here foul weather,
Tho' sick of riding out—and nothing less;
When, looking round, I sees a man a-starn:—
Hollo! says I, come underneath her quarter!—
And hands him out my knife to cut the yarn.
So I gets off, and lands upon the road,
And leaves the she-mare to her own consarn,
A-standing by the water.
If I get on another, I'll be blow'd!—
And that's the way, you see, my legs got bow'd!

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

My pipe is lit, my grog is mix'd,
My curtains drawn and all is snug;
Old Puss is in her elbow-chair,
And Tray is sitting on the rug.
Last night I had a curious dream,
Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg—
What d' ye think of that, my Cat?
What d' ye think of that, my Dog?

She look'd so fair, she sang so well,
I could but woo and she was won,
Myself in blue, the bride in white,
The ring was placed, the deed was done!
Away we went in chaise-and-four,
As fast as grinning boys could flog—
What d' ye think of that, my Cat?
What d' ye think of that, my Dog?

What loving tête-à-têtes to come!
But tête-à-têtes must still defer!
When Susan came to live with me,
Her mother came to live with her!

With sister Belle she couldn't part,
But all *my* ties had leave to jog—
What d' ye think of that, my Cat?
What d' ye think of that, my Dog?

The mother brought a pretty Poll—
A monkey too, what work he made!
The sister introduced a Beau—
My Susan brought a favourite maid.
She had a tabby of her own,—
A snappish mongrel christen'd Gog—
What d' ye think of that, my Cat?
What d' ye think of that, my Dog?

The Monkey bit—the Parrot scream'd,
All day the sister strumm'd and sung;
The petted maid was such a scold!
My Susan learn'd to use her tongue;
Her mother had such wretched health,
She sate and croak'd like any frog—
What d' ye think of that, my Cat?
What d' ye think of that, my Dog?

No longer Deary, Duck, and Love,
I soon came down to simple "M!"
The very servants cross'd my wish,
My Susan let me down to them.
The poker hardly seem'd my own,
I might as well have been a log—

What d' ye think of that, my Cat?
What d' ye think of that, my Dog?

My clothes they were the queerest shape!
Such coats and hats she never met!
My ways they were the oddest ways!
My friends were such a vulgar set!
Poor Tomkinson was snubb'd and huff'd,
She could not bear that Mister Blogg—
What d' ye think of that, my Cat?
What d' ye think of that, my Dog?

At times we had a spar, and then
Mama must mingle in the song—
The sister took a sister's part—
The Maid declar'd her Master wrong—
The Parrot learn'd to call me "Fool!"
My life was like a London fog—
What d' ye think of that, my Cat?
What d' ye think of that, my Dog?

My Susan's taste was superfine,
As proved by bills that had no end—
I never had a decent coat—
I never had a coin to spend!
She forced me to resign my Club,
Lay down my pipe, retrench my grog—
What d' ye think of that, my Cat?
What d' ye think of that, my Dog?

Each Sunday night we gave a rout
To fops and flirts, a pretty list;
And when I tried to steal away,
I found my study full of whist!
Then, first to come and last to go,
There always was a Captain Hogg—
What d' ye think of that, my Cat?
What d' ye think of that, my Dog?

Now was not that an awful dream
For one who single is and snug—
With Pussy in the elbow-chair
And Tray reposing on the rug?—
If I must totter down the hill,
'Tis safest done without a clog—
What d' ye think of that, my Cat?
What d' ye think of that, my Dog?

THE WEE MAN.

A ROMANCE.

It was a merry company,
And they were just afloat,
When lo! a man, of dwarfish span,
Came up and hail'd the boat.

"Good morrow to ye, gentle folks,
And will you let me in?—
A slender space will serve my case,
For I am small and thin."

They saw he was a dwarfish man,
And very small and thin;
Not seven such would matter much,
And so they took him in.

They laugh'd to see his little hat,
With such a narrow brim;
They laugh'd to note his dapper coat,
With skirts so scant and trim.

But barely had they gone a mile,
When, gravely, one and all,
At once began to think the man
Was not so very small.

His coat had got a broader skirt,
His hat a broader brim,
His leg grew stout, and soon plump'd out
A very proper limb.

Still on they went, and as they went,
More rough the billows grew,—
And rose and fell, a greater swell,
And he was swelling too!

And lo! where room had been for seven,
For six there scarce was space!
For five!—for four!—for three!—not more
Than two could find a place!

There was not even room for one!
They crowded by degrees—
Aye—closer yet, till elbows met,
And knees were jogging knees.

"Good sir, you must not sit a-stern,
The wave will else come in!"
Without a word he gravely stirr'd,
Another seat to win.

"Good sir, the boat has lost her trim,
You must not sit a-lee!"
With smiling face, and courteous grace,
The middle seat took he.

But still, by constant quiet growth,
His back became so wide,
Each neighbour wight, to left and right,
Was thrust against the side.

Lord! how they chided with themselves,
That they had let him in;
To see him grow so monstrous now,
That came so small and thin.

On every brow a dew-drop stood,
They grew so scared and hot,—
"I' the name of all that 's great and tall,
Who are ye, sir, and what?"

Loud laugh'd the Gogmagog, a laugh
As loud as giant's roar—
"When first I came, my proper name
Was Little—now I 'm *Moore!*"

ETCHING MORALIZED.

TO A NOBLE LADY.

"To point a moral."—JOHNSON.

FAIREST Lady and Noble, for once on a time,
Condescend to accept, in the humblest of rhyme,
And a style more of Gay than of Milton,
A few opportune verses design'd to impart
Some didactical hints in a Needlework Art,
Not described by the Countess of Wilton.

An Art not unknown to the delicate hand
Of the fairest and first in this insular land,
But in Patronage Royal delighting;
And which now your own feminine fantasy wins,
Tho' it scarce seems a lady-like work that begins
In a *scratching* and ends in a *biting!*

Yet oh! that the dames of the Scandalous School
Would but use the same acid, and sharp-pointed tool,
That are plied in the said operations—

Oh! would that our Candours on copper would
sketch!
For the first of all things in beginning to etch
Are—good *grounds* for our representations.

Those protective and delicate coatings of wax,
Which are meant to resist the corrosive attacks
That would ruin the copper completely;
Thin cerements which whoso remembers the Bee
So applauded by Watts, the divine LL.D.,
Will be careful to spread very neatly.

For why? like some intricate deed of the law,
Should the ground in the process be left with a
flaw,
Aquafortis is far from a joker;
And attacking the part that no coating protects,
Will turn out as distressing to all your *effects*
As a landlord who puts in a broker.

Then carefully spread the conservative stuff,
Until all the bright metal is cover'd enough,
To repel a destructive so active;
For in Etching, as well as in Morals, pray note
That a little raw spot, or a hole in a coat,
Your ascetics find vastly attractive.

Thus the ground being laid, very even and flat,
And then smoked with a taper, till black as a hat,
Still from future disasters to screen it,

Just allow me, by way of precaution, to state,
You must hinder the footman from changing your
plate,
Nor yet suffer the butler to clean it.

Nay, the Housemaid, perchance, in her passion to
scrub,
May suppose the dull metal in want of a rub,
Like the Shield which Swift's readers re-
member—
Not to mention the chance of some other mishaps,
Such as having your copper made up into caps
To be worn on the First of September.

.

But aloof from all damage by Betty or John,
You secure the veil'd surface, and trace thereupon
The design you conceive the most proper:
Yet gently, and not with a needle too keen,
Lest it pierce to the wax through the paper between,
And of course play Old Scratch with the copper.

.

So in worldly affairs, the sharp-practising man
Is not always the one who succeeds in his plan,
Witness Shylock's judicial exposure;
Who, as keen as his knife, yet with agony found,
That while urging his *point* he was losing his
And incurring a fatal disclosure. [*ground*,

But, perhaps, without tracing at all, you may choose
To indulge in some little extempore views,

Like the older artistical people;
For example, a Corydon playing his pipe,
In a Low Country marsh, with a Cow after Cuyp,
And a Goat skipping over a steeple.

A wild Deer at a rivulet taking a sup,
With a couple of Pillars put in to fill up,
Like the columns of certain diurnals;
Or a very brisk sea, in a very stiff gale,
And a very Dutch boat, with a very big sail—
Or a bevy of Retzsch's Infernals.

Architectural study—or rich Arabesque—
Allegorical dream—or a view picturesque,
Near to Naples, or Venice, or Florence;
Or "as harmless as lambs and as gentle as doves,"
A sweet family cluster of plump little Loves,
Like the Children by Reynolds or Lawrence.

But whatever the subject, your exquisite taste
Will ensure a design very charming and chaste,
Like yourself, full of nature and beauty—
Yet besides the *good points* you already reveal,
You will need a few others—of well temper'd steel,
And especially form'd for the duty.

For suppose that the tool be imperfectly set,
Over many *weak lengths in your line* you will fret,
Like a pupil of Walton and Cotton,
Who remains by the brink of the water, agape,

While the jack, trout, or barbel, effects its escape
Thro' the gut or silk line being rotten.

Therefore let the steel point be set truly and round,
That the finest of strokes may be even and sound,
Flowing glibly where fancy would lead 'em.
But alas! for the needle that fetters the hand,
And forbids even sketches of Liberty's land
To be drawn with the requisite freedom!

Oh! the botches I 've seen by a tool of the sort,
Rather hitching than etching, and making, in short,
Such stiff, crabbed, and angular scratches,
That the figures seem'd statues or mummies from tombs,
While the trees were as rigid as bundles of brooms,
And the herbage like bunches of matches!

The stiff clouds as if carefully iron'd and starch'd,
While a cast-iron bridge, meant for wooden, o'er-arch'd
Something more like a road than a river.
Prythee, who in such characteristics could see
Any trace of the beautiful land of the free—
The Free-Mason—Free-Trader—Free-Liver!

But prepared by a hand that is skilful and nice,
The fine point glides along like a skate on the ice,
At the will of the Gentle Designer,
Who impelling the needle just presses so much,

That each line of her labour *the copper may touch*,
As if done by a penny-a-liner.

And behold! how the fast-growing images gleam!
Like the sparkles of gold in a sunshiny stream,
Till perplex'd by the glittering issue,
You repine for a light of a tenderer kind—
And in choosing a substance for making a blind,
Do not sneeze at the paper call'd *tissue*.

For, subdued by the sheet so transparent and white,
Your design will appear in a soberer light,
And reveal its defects on inspection,
Just as Glory achieved, or political scheme,
And some more of our dazzling performances seem
Not so bright on a *cooler reflection*.

So the juvenile Poet with ecstasy views [Muse
His first verses, and dreams that the songs of his
Are as brilliant as Moore's and as tender—
Till some critical sheet scans the faulty design,
And alas! *takes the shine out of every line*
That had form'd such a vision of splendour.

Certain objects, however, may come in your sketch,
Which, design'd by a hand unaccustom'd to etch,
With a luckless result may be branded;
Wherefore add this particular rule to your code,
Let all vehicles take the *wrong* side of the road,
And man, woman, and child, be *left-handed*.

Yet regard not the awkward appearance with doubt,
But remember how often mere blessings fall out,
That at first seem'd no better than curses;
So, till *things take a turn*, live in hope, and depend
That whatever is wrong will come right in the end.
And console you for all your *reverses*.

But of errors why speak, when for beauty and truth
Your free, spirited Etching is worthy, in sooth,
Of that Club (may all honour betide it!)
Which, tho' dealing in copper, by genius and taste,
Has accomplish'd *a service of plate* not disgraced
By the work of a Goldsmith beside it! *

So your sketch superficially drawn on the plate,
It becomes you to fix in a permanent state,
Which involves a precise operation,
With a keen biting fluid, which *eating its way*—
As in other professions is common they say—
Has attain'd an artistical station.

And it 's, oh! that some splenetic folks I could name
If they *must* deal in acids would use but the same,
In such innocent graphical labours!
In the place of the virulent spirit wherewith—
Like the polecat, the weasel, and things of that kith—
They keep biting the backs of their neighbours!

* The Deserted Village. Illustrated by the Etching Club.

But beforehand, with wax or the shoemaker's
pitch,
You must build a neat dyke round the margin, in
which
You may pour the dilute aquafortis.
For if raw, like a dram, it will shock you to trace,
Your design with a horrible froth on its face,
Like a wretch in articulo mortis.

Like a wretch in the pangs that too many endure,
From the use of *strong waters*, without any pure,
A vile practice, most sad and improper!
For, from painful examples, this warning is found,
That the raw burning spirit will *take up the ground*,
In the churchyard, as well as on copper!

But the Acid has duly been lower'd, and bites
Only just where the visible metal invites,
Like a nature inclined to meet troubles;
And behold! as each slender and glittering line
Effervesces, you trace the completed design
In an elegant bead-work of bubbles!

And yet, constantly, secretly, eating its way,
The shrewd acid is making the substance its prey,
Like some sorrow beyond inquisition,
Which is gnawing the heart and the brain all the
while
That the face is illumined by its cheerfullest smile,
And the wit is in bright ebullition.

But still stealthily feeding, the treacherous stuff
Has corroded and deepened some portions enough—
The pure sky, and the water so placid—
And these tenderer tints to defend from attack,
With some turpentine, varnish, and sooty lamp-
You must *stop* out the ferreting acid. [black

But before with the varnishing brush you proceed,
Let the plate with cold water be thoroughly freed
From the other less innocent liquor—
After which, on whatever you want to protect,
Put a *coat* that will act to that very effect,
Like the black one that hangs on the Vicar.

Then the varnish well dried—urge the biting again,
But how long at its meal the *eau forte* may remain,
Time and practice alone can determine:
But of course not so long that the Mountain, and Mill,
The rude Bridge, and the Figures, whatever you will,
Are as black as the spots on your ermine.

It is true, none the less, that a dark-looking scrap,
With a sort of Blackheath, and Black Forest, mayhap,
Is considered as rather Rembrandty;
And that very black cattle, and very black sheep,
A black dog, and a shepherd as black as a sweep
Are the pets of some great Dilettante.

So with certain designers, one needs not to name,
All this life is a dark scene of sorrow and shame,
From our birth to our final adjourning—
Yea, this excellent earth and its glories, alack!
What with ravens, palls, cottons, and devils, as black
As a Warehouse for Family Mourning!

But before your own picture arrives at that pitch,
While the lights are still light, and the shadows, though rich,
More transparent than ebony shutters,
Never minding what Black-Arted critics may say,
Stop the biting, and pour the green fluid away,
As you please, into bottles or gutters.

Then removing the ground and the wax *at a heat*,
Cleanse the surface with oil, spermaceti, or sweet—
For your hand a performance scarce proper—
So some careful professional person secure—
For the Laundress will not be a safe amateur—
To assist you in *cleaning the copper*.

And, in truth, 'tis a rather unpleasantish job,
To be done on a hot German stove, or a hob—
Though as sure of an instant forgetting
When—as after the dark clearing off of a storm—
The fair landscape shines out in a lustre as warm
As the glow of the sun in its setting!

Thus your Etching complete, it remains but to hint,
That with certain assistance from paper and print,
Which the proper Mechanic will settle,
You may charm all your Friends — without any sad tale
Of such perils and ills as beset Lady Sale—
With *a fine India Proof of your Metal.*

DEATH'S RAMBLE.

One day the dreary old King of Death
Inclined for some sport with the carnal,
So he tied a pack of darts on his back,
And quietly stole from his charnel.

His head was bald of flesh and of hair
His body was lean and lank,
His joints at each stir made a crack, and the cur
Took a gnaw, by the way, at his shank.

And what did he do with his deadly darts,
This goblin of grisly bone?
He dabbled and spill'd man's blood, and he kill'd
Like a butcher that kills his own.

The first he slaughter'd it made him laugh,
(For the man was a coffin-maker,)
To think how the mutes, and men in black suits,
Would mourn for an undertaker.

Death saw two Quakers sitting at church,
Quoth he, "We shall not differ."
And he let them alone, like figures of stone,
For he could not make them stiffer.

He saw two duellists going to fight,
In fear they could not smother;
And he shot one through at once—for he knew
They never would shoot each other.

He saw a watchman fast in his box,
And he gave a snore infernal;
Said Death, "He may keep his breath, for his sleep
Can never be more eternal."

He met a coachman driving his coach
So slow, that his fare grew sick;
But he let him stray on his tedious way,
For Death only wars on the *quick*.

Death saw a tollman taking a toll,
In the spirit of his fraternity;
But he knew that sort of man would extort,
Though summon'd to all eternity.

He found an author writing his life,
But he let him write no further;
For Death, who strikes whenever he likes,
Is jealous of all self-murther!

Death saw a patient that pull'd out his purse,
And a doctor that took the sum;
But he let them be—for he knew that the "fee"
Was a prelude to "faw" and "fum."

He met a dustman ringing a bell,
And he gave him a mortal thrust;
For himself, by law, since Adam's flaw,
Is contractor for all our dust.

He saw a sailor mixing his grog,
And he mark'd him out for slaughter;
For on water he scarcely had cared for Death,
And never on rum-and-water.

Death saw two players playing at cards,
But the game wasn't worth a dump,
For he quickly laid them flat with a spade,
To wait for the final trump!

THE PROGRESS OF ART.

O HAPPY time! Art's early days!
When o'er each deed, with sweet self-praise,
Narcissus-like I hung!
When great Rembrandt but little seem'd,
And such Old Masters all were deem'd
As nothing to the young!

Some scratchy strokes—abrupt and few,
So easily and swift I drew,
Sufficed for my design;
My sketchy, superficial hand,
Drew solids at a dash—and spann'd
A surface with a line.

Not long my eye was thus content,
But grew more critical—my bent
Essay'd a higher walk;
I copied leaden eyes in lead—
Rheumatic hands in white and red,
And gouty feet—in chalk.

Anon my studious art for days
Kept making faces—happy phrase,

For faces such as mine!
Accomplish'd in the details then,
I left the minor parts of men,
And drew the form divine.

Old Gods and Heroes—Trojan—Greek,
Figures—long after the antique,
Great Ajax justly fear'd;
Hectors, of whom at night I dreamt,
And Nestor, fringed enough to tempt
Bird-nesters to his beard.

A Bacchus, leering on a bowl,
A Pallas, that out-stared her owl,
A Vulcan—very lame;
A Dian stuck about with stars,
With my right hand I murder'd Mars—
(One Williams did the same.)

But tired of this dry work at last,
Crayon and chalk aside I cast,
And gave my brush a drink?
Dipping—"as when a painter dips
In gloom of earthquake and eclipse,"—
That is—in Indian ink.

Oh then, what black Mont Blancs arose,
Crested with soot, and not with snows:
What clouds of dingy hue!
In spite of what the bard has penn'd,

I fear the distance did not "lend
Enchantment to the view."

Not Radclyffe's brush did e'er design
Black Forests, half so black as mine,
Or lakes so like a pall;
The Chinese cake dispersed a ray
Of darkness, like the light of Day
And Martin over all.

Yet urchin pride sustain'd me still,
I gazed on all with right good will,
And spread the dingy tint;
"No holy Luke help'd me to paint,
The Devil surely, not a Saint,
Had any finger in 't!"

But colours came!—like morning light,
With gorgeous hues displacing night,
Or Spring's enliven'd scene:
At once the sable shades withdrew;
My skies got very, very blue;
My trees extremely green.

And wash'd by my cosmetic brush,
How Beauty's cheek began to blush;
With lock of auburn stain—
(Not Goldsmith's Auburn)—nut-brown hair,
That made her loveliest of the fair;
Not "loveliest of the plain!"

Her lips were of vermilion hue;
Love in her eyes, and Prussian blue,
Set all my heart in flame!
A young Pygmalion, I adored
The maids I made—but time was stored
With evil—and it came!

Perspective dawn'd—and soon I saw
My houses stand against its law;
And "keeping" all unkept!
My beauties were no longer things
For love and fond imaginings;
But horrors to be wept!

Ah! why did knowledge ope my eyes?
Why did I get more artist-wise?
It only serves to hint,
What grave defects and wants are mine;
That I 'm no Hilton in design—
In nature no Dewint!

Thrice happy time!—Art's early days!
When o'er each deed with sweet self-praise,
Narcissus-like I hung!
When great Rembrandt but little seem'd,
And such Old Masters all were deem'd
As nothing to the young!

A FAIRY TALE.

On Hounslow heath—and close beside the road,
As western travellers may oft have seen,—
A little house some years ago there stood,
A minikin abode;
And built like Mr. Birkbeck's, all of wood;
The walls of white, the window-shutters green;—
Four wheels it had at North, South, East, and
(Tho' now at rest) [West,
On which it used to wander to and fro,
Because its master ne'er maintain'd a rider,
Like those who trade in Paternoster Row;
But made his business travel for itself,
Till he had made his pelf,
And then retired—if one may call it so,
Of a roadsider.

Perchance, the very race and constant riot
Of stages, long and short, which thereby ran,
Made him more relish the repose and quiet
Of his now sedentary caravan;
Perchance, he loved the ground because 'twas
common,
And so he might impale a strip of soil,
That furnish'd, by his toil,

Some dusty greens, for him and his old woman;—
And five tall hollyhocks, in dingy flower.
Howbeit, the thoroughfare did no ways spoil
His peace,—unless, in some unlucky hour,
A stray horse came and gobbled up his bow'r!

But, tired of always looking at the coaches,
The same to come,—when they had seen them
one day!
And, used to brisker life, both man and wife
Began to suffer N U E's approaches,
And feel retirement like a long wet Sunday,—
So, having had some quarters of school-breeding,
They turn'd themselves, like other folks, to
reading;
But setting out where others nigh have done,
And being ripen'd in the seventh stage,
The childhood of old age,
Began, as other children have begun,—
Not with the pastorals of Mr. Pope,
Or Bard of Hope,
Or Paley ethical, or learned Porson,—
But spelt, on Sabbaths, in St. Mark, or John,
And then relax'd themselves with Whittington,
Or Valentine and Orson—
But chiefly fairy tales they loved to con,
And being easily melted, in their dotage,
Slobber'd,—and kept
Reading,—and wept
Over the White Cat, in their wooden cottage.

Thus reading on—the longer
They read, of course, their childish faith grew
stronger
In Gnomes, and Hags, and Elves, and Giants
grim,—
If talking Trees and Birds reveal'd to him,
She saw the flight of Fairyland's fly-wagons,
And magic-fishes swim
In puddle ponds, and took old crows for dragons,—
Both were quite drunk from the enchanted flagons;
When, as it fell upon a summer's day,
As the old man sat a feeding
On the old babe-reading,
Beside his open street-and-parlour door,
A hideous roar
Proclaim'd a drove of beasts was coming by the
way.

Long-horn'd, and short, of many a different breed,
Tall, tawny brutes, from famous Lincoln-levels,
Or Durham feed,
With some of those unquiet black dwarf devils
From nether side of Tweed,
Or Firth of Forth;
Looking half wild with joy to leave the North,—
With dusty hides, all mobbing on together,—
When,—whether from a fly's malicious comment
Upon his tender flank, from which he shrank;
Or whether
Only in some enthusiastic moment,—

However, one brown monster, in a frisk,
Giving his tail a perpendicular whisk,
Kick'd out a passage thro' the beastly rabble;
And after a pas seul,—or, if you will, a
Horn-pipe before the Basket-maker's villa,
Leapt o'er the tiny pale,—
Back'd his beef-steaks against the wooden gable,
And thrust his brawny bell-rope of a tail
Right o'er the page,
Wherein the sage
Just then was spelling some romantic fable.

The old man, half a scholar, half a dunce,
Could not peruse,—who could?—two tales at once;
And being huff'd
At what he knew was none of Riquet's Tuft,
Bang'd-to the door,
But most unluckily enclosed a morsel
Of the intruding tail, and all the tassel:—
The monster gave a roar,
And bolting off with speed, increased by pain,
The little house became a coach once more,
And, like Macheath, "took to the road" again!

Just then, by fortune's whimsical decree,
The ancient woman stooping with her crupper
Towards sweet home, or where sweet home should be,
Was getting up some household herbs for supper:

Thoughtful of Cinderella, in the tale,
And quaintly wondering if magic shifts
Could o'er a common pumpkin so prevail,
To turn it to a coach,—what pretty gifts
Might come of cabbages, and curly kale:
Meanwhile she never heard her old man's wail,
Nor turn'd, till home had turn'd a corner, quite
Gone out of sight!

At last, conceive her, rising from the ground,
Weary of sitting on her russet clothing;
And looking round
Where rest was to be found,
There was no house—no villa there—no nothing!
No house!
The change was quite amazing;
It made her senses stagger for a minute,
The riddle's explication seem'd to harden;
But soon her superannuated *nous*
Explained the horrid mystery;—and raising
Her hand to heaven, with the cabbage in it,
On which she meant to sup,—
"Well! this *is* Fairy Work! I'll bet a farden,
Little Prince Silverwings has ketch'd me up,
And set me down in some one else's garden!"

THE TURTLES:

A FABLE.

"The rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle."
BYRON.

ONE day, it was before a civic dinner,
Two London Aldermen, no matter which,
Cordwainer, Girdler, Patten-maker, Skinner—
But both were florid, corpulent, and rich,
And both right fond of festive demolition,
Set forth upon a secret expedition.
Yet not, as might be fancied from the token,
To Pudding Lane, Pie Corner, or the Street
Of Bread, or Grub, or anything to eat,
Or drink, as Milk, or Vintry, or Portsoken,
But eastward to that more aquatic quarter,
Where folks take water,
Or bound on voyages, secure a berth
For Antwerp or Ostend, Dundee or Perth,
Calais, Boulogne, or any Port on earth!

Jostled and jostling, through the mud,
Peculiar to the Town of Lud,

Down narrow streets and crooked lanes they dived,
Past many a gusty avenue, through which
Came yellow fog, and smell of pitch,
From barge, and boat, and dusky wharf derived;
With darker fumes, brought eddying by the draught,
From loco-smoko-motive craft;
Mingling with scents of butter, cheese, and gammons,
Tea, coffee, sugar, pickles, rosin, wax,
Hides, tallow, Russia-matting, hemp and flax,
Salt-cod, red-herrings, sprats, and kipper'd salmons,
Nuts, oranges, and lemons,
Each pungent spice, and aromatic gum,
Gas, pepper, soaplees, brandy, gin, and rum;
Alamode-beef and greens—the London soil—
Glue, coal, tobacco, turpentine, and oil,
Bark, assafœtida, squills, vitriol, hops,
In short, all whiffs, and sniffs, and puffs, and snuffs,
From metals, minerals, and dyewood stuffs,
Fruits, victual, drink, solidities, or slops— [shops,
In flasks, casks, bales, trucks, wagons, taverns,
Boats, lighters, cellars, wharfs, and warehouse-tops,
That, as we walk upon the river's ridge,
Assault the nose—below the bridge.

A walk, however, as tradition tells,
That once a poor blind Tobit used to choose,
Because, incapable of other views,
He met with "such a sight of smells."

But on, and on, and on,
In spite of all unsavoury shocks,
Progress the stout Sir Peter and Sir John,
Steadily steering ship-like for the docks—
And now they reach a place the Muse, unwilling,
Recalls for female slang and vulgar doing,
The famous Gate of Billing
That does not lead to cooing—
And now they pass that House that is so ugly
A Customer to people looking smuggl'y—
And now along that fatal Hill they pass
Where centuries ago an Oxford bled,
And proved—too late to save his life, alas!—
That *he* was "off his head."

At last before a lofty brick-built pile
Sir Peter stopp'd, and with mysterious smile
Tingled a bell that served to bring
The wire-drawn genius of the ring,
A species of commercial Samuel Weller—
To whom Sir Peter, tipping him a wink,
And something else to drink,
"Shew us the cellar."

Obsequious bow'd the man, and led the way
Down sundry flights of stairs, where windows small,
Dappled with mud, let in a dingy ray—
A dirty tax, if they were tax'd at all.

At length they came into a cellar damp,
With venerable cobwebs fringed around,
A cellar of that stamp
Which often harbours vintages renown'd,
The feudal Hock, or Burgundy the courtly,
With sherry, brown or golden,
Or port, so olden,
Bereft of body 'tis no longer portly—
But old or otherwise—to be veracious—
That cobwebb'd cellar, damp, and dim, and spacious,
Held nothing crusty—but crustaceous.

Prone on the chilly floor,
Five splendid turtles—such a five!
Natives of some West Indian shore
Were flapping all alive,
Late landed from the Jolly Planter's yawl—
A sight whereon the dignitaries fix'd
Their eager eyes, with ecstasy unmix'd,
Like fathers that behold their infants crawl,
Enjoying every little kick and sprawl.
Nay—far from fatherly the thoughts they bred,
Poor loggerheads from far Ascension ferried!
The aldermen too plainly wish'd them dead
And Aldermanbury'd!
"There!" cried Sir Peter, with an air
Triumphant as an ancient victor's,
And pointing to the creatures rich and rare,
"There 's picters!"

"Talk of Olympic Games! They're not worth
mention;
The real prize for wrestling is when Jack,
In Providence or Ascension,
Can throw a lively turtle on its back!"

"Aye!" cried Sir John, and with a score of
nods,
Thoughtful of classical symposium,
"There's food for Gods!
There's nectar! there's ambrosium!
There's food for Roman Emperors to eat—
Oh, there had been a treat
(Those ancient names will sometimes hobble us)
For Helio-gobble-us!"

"There were a feast for Alexander's Feast!
The real sort—none of your mock or spurious!"
And then he mention'd Aldermen deceased,
And "Epicurius,"
And how Tertullian had enjoy'd such foison;
And speculated on that *verdigrease*
That isn't poison.

"Talk of your Spring, and verdure, and all that!
Give *me* green fat!
As for your Poets with their groves of myrtles
And billing turtles,
Give me, for poetry, them Turtles there,
A-billing in a bill of fare!

"Of all the things I ever swallow—
Good, well-dress'd turtle beats them hollow—
It almost makes me wish, I vow,
To have *two* stomachs, like a cow!"
And lo! as with the cud, an inward thrill
Upheaved his waistcoat and disturb'd his frill,
His mouth was oozing and he work'd his jaw—
"I almost think that I could eat one raw!"

And thus, as "inward love breeds outward talk,"
The portly pair continued to discourse;
And then—as Gray describes of life's divorce,—
With "longing lingering look" prepared to walk,—
Having thro' one delighted sense, at least,
Enjoy'd a sort of Barmecidal feast,
And with prophetic gestures, strange to see,
Forestall'd the civic Banquet yet to be,
Its callipash and callipee!

A pleasant prospect—but alack!
Scarcely each Alderman had turn'd his back,
When seizing on the moment so propitious,
And having learn'd that they were so delicious
To bite and sup,
From praises so high flown and injudicious,—
And nothing could be more pernicious!
The turtles fell to work, and ate each other up!

Moral.

Never, from folly or urbanity,
Praise people thus profusely to their faces,
Till quite in love with their own graces,
They're eaten up by vanity!

THE DESERT-BORN.

"Fly to the desert, fly with me."—Lady Hester Stanhope.

'Twas in the wilds of Lebanon, amongst its barren hills,—
To think upon it, even now, my very blood it chills!—
My sketch-book spread before me, and my pencil in my hand,
I gazed upon the mountain range, the red tumultuous sand,
The plumy palms, the sombre firs, the cedars tall and proud,—
When lo! a shadow pass'd across the paper like a cloud,
And looking up I saw a form, apt figure for the scene,
Methought I stood in presence of some oriental queen!

The turban on her head was white as any driven snow;
A purple bandalette past o'er the lofty brow below,

And thence upon her shoulders fell, by either
jewell'd ear;
In yellow folds voluminous she wore her long
cachemere;
Whilst underneath, with ample sleeves, a Turkish
robe of silk
Envelop'd her in drapery the colour of new milk;
Yet oft it floated wide in front, disclosing under-
neath
A gorgeous Persian tunic, rich with many a
broider'd wreath,
Compell'd by clasps of costly pearl around her
neck to meet—
And yellow as the amber were the buskins on
her feet!

Of course I bow'd my lowest bow—of all the
things on earth,
The reverence due to loveliness, to rank, or an-
cient birth,
To pow'r, to wealth, to genius, or to any thing
uncommon,
A man should bend the lowest in a *Desert* to a
Woman!
Yet some strange influence stronger still, though
vague and undefined,
Compell'd me, and with magic might subdued my
soul and mind;
There was a something in her air that drew the
spirit nigh,

Beyond the common witchery that dwells in woman's eye!
With reverence deep, like any slave of that peculiar land,
I bow'd my forehead to the earth, and kissed the arid sand;
And then I touch'd her garment's hem, devoutly as a Dervise,
Predestinated (so I felt) for ever to her service.

Nor was I wrong in auguring thus my fortune from her face,
She knew me, seemingly, as well as any of her race;
"Welcome!" she cried, as I uprose submissive to my feet;
"It was ordain'd that you and I should in this desert meet!
Aye, ages since, before thy soul had burst its prison bars,
This interview was promised in the language of the stars!"
Then clapping, as the Easterns wont, her all-commanding hands,
A score of mounted Arabs came fast sparring o'er the sands,
Nor rein'd they up their foaming steeds till in my very face
They blew the breath impetuous, and panting from the race.

"Fear nought," exclaim'd the radiant one, as I
sprang off aloof,
"Thy precious frame need never fear a blow
from horse's hoof!
Thy natal star was fortunate as any orb of birth,
And fate hath held in store for thee the rarest
gift of earth."
Then turning to the dusky men, that humbly
waited near,
She cried, "Go bring the BEAUTIFUL—for lo!
the MAN is here!"

Off went th' obsequious train as swift as Arab
hoofs could flee,
But Fancy fond outraced them all, with bridle
loose and free,
And brought me back, for love's attack, some
fair Circassian bride,
Or Georgian girl, the Harem's boast, and fit for
sultan's side;
Methought I lifted up her veil, and saw dark eyes
beneath,
Mild as gazelle's, a snowy brow, ripe lips, and
pearly teeth,
A swanlike neck, a shoulder round, full bosom,
and a waist
Not too compact, and rounded limbs, to oriental
[taste.

Methought—but here, alas! alas! the airy dream
to blight,

Behold the Arabs leading up a mare of milky white!
To tell the truth, without reserve, evasion, or remorse,
The last of creatures in my love or liking is a horse:
Whether in early youth some kick untimely laid me flat,
Whether from born antipathy, as some dislike a cat,
I never yet could bear the kind, from Meux's giant steeds
Down to those little bearish cubs of Shetland's shaggy breeds;—
As for a warhorse, he that can bestride one *is* a hero,
Merely to look at such a sight my courage sinks to zero.
With lightning eyes, and thunder mane, and hurricanes of legs,
Tempestuous tail—to picture him description vainly begs!
His fiery nostrils send forth clouds of smoke instead of breath—
Nay, was it not a Horse that bore the grisly Shape of Death?
Judge then how cold an ague-fit of agony was mine
To see the mistress of my fate, imperious, make a sign

To which my own foreboding soul the cruel sense supplied:
"Mount, happy man, and *run away* with your Arabian bride!"
Grim was the smile, and tremulous the voice with which I spoke,
Like any one's when jesting with a subject not a joke,
So men have trifled with the axe before the fatal stroke.

"Lady, if mine had been the luck in Yorkshire to be born,
Or any of its *ridings*, this would be a blessed morn;
But, hapless one! I cannot ride—there 's something in a horse
That I can always honour, but I never could endorse—
To speak still more commercially, in riding I am quite
Averse to running long, and apt to be paid off at sight:
In legal phrase, for every class to understand me still,
I never was in stirrups yet a tenant but at will;
Or, if you please, in artist terms, I never went a-straddle
On any horse without 'a want of keeping' in the saddle.

In short," and here I blush'd, abash'd and held
my head full low,
"I'm one of those whose infant ears have heard
the chimes of Bow!"

The lady smiled, as houris smile, adown from
Turkish skies,
And beams of cruel kindness shone within her
hazel eyes;
"Stranger," she said, "or rather say, my nearest,
dearest friend,
There's something in your eyes, your air, and
that high instep's bend,
That tells me you're of Arab race,—whatever
spot of earth,
Cheapside, or Bow, or Stepney, had the honour of
your birth,
The East it is your country! Like an infant
changed at nurse
By fairies, you have undergone a nurtureship
perverse;
But this—these desert sands—these palms, and
cedars waving wild,
All, all, adopt thee as their own—an oriental
child—
The cloud may hide the sun awhile—but soon or
late, no doubt, [out!
The spirit of your ancestry will burst and sparkle
I read the starry characters—and lo! 'tis written
there,

Thou wert foredoom'd of sons of men to ride
upon this Mare,
A Mare till now was never back'd by one of
mortal mould,
Hark, how she neighs, as if for thee she knew
that she was foal'd!"

And truly—I devoutly wish'd a blast of the
simoom
Had stifled her!—the Mare herself appeared to
mock my doom;
With many a bound she caper'd round and round
me like a dance,
I fear'd indeed some wild caress would end the
fearful prance,
And felt myself, and saw myself—the phantasy
was horrid!—
Like old Redgauntlet, with a shoe imprinted on
my forehead!
On bended knees, with bowing head, and hands
upraised in pray'r,
I begg'd the turban'd Sultaness the issue to for-
bear; [wife,
I painted weeping orphan babes, around a widow'd
And drew my death as vividly as others draw
from life;
"Behold," I said, "a simple man, for such high
feats unfit,
Who never yet has learn'd to know the crupper
from the bit,

Whereas the boldest horsemanship, and first equestrian skill,
Would well be task'd to bend so wild a creature to the will."
Alas! alas! 'twas all in vain, to supplicate and kneel,
The quadruped could not have been more cold to my appeal!

"Fear nothing," said the smiling Fate, "when human help is vain,
Spirits shall by thy stirrups fly, and fairies guide the rein;
Just glance at yonder animal, her perfect shape remark,
And in thy breast at once shall glow the oriental spark!
As for thy spouse and tender babes, no Arab roams the wild
But for a Mare of such descent, would barter wife and child."

"Nay then," cried I—(Heav'n shrive the lie!) "to tell the secret truth,
'Twas my unhappy fortune once to over-ride a youth!
A playful child,—so full of life!—a little fair-haired boy,
His sister's pet, his father's hope, his mother's darling joy!

Ah me! the frantic shriek she gave! I hear it ringing now!
That hour, upon the bloody spot, I made a holy vow;
A solemn compact, deeply sworn, to witness my remorse,
That never more these limbs of mine should mount on living horse!"

Good Heav'n! to see the angry glance that flash'd upon me now!
A chill ran all my marrow through—the drops were on my brow!
I knew my doom, and stole a glance at that accursed Mare,
And there she stood, with nostrils wide, that snuff'd the sultry air.
How lion-like she lash'd her flanks with her abundant tail;
While on her neck the stormy mane kept tossing to the gale!
How fearfully she roll'd her eyes between the earth and sky,
As if in wild uncertainty to gallop or to fly!
While with her hoof she scoop'd the sand as if before she gave
My plunge into eternity she meant to dig my grave!

And I, that ne'er could calmly bear a horse's ears at play—

Or hear without a yard of jump his shrill and
sudden neigh—
Whose foot within a stabledoor had never stood
an inch—
Whose hand to pat a living steed would feel an
awful flinch,—
I that had never thrown a leg across a pony
small,
To scour the pathless desert on the tallest of the
tall!
For oh! it is no fable, but at ev'ry look I cast,
Her restless legs seem'd twice as long as when I
saw them last!

In agony I shook,—and yet, although congealed
by fears,
My blood was boiling fast, to judge from noises in
my ears;
I gasp'd as if in vacuo, and thrilling with de-
spair,
Some secret Demon seem'd to pass his fingers
through my hair.
I could not stir—I could not speak—I could not
even see—
A sudden mist rose up between that awful Mare
and me,—
I tried to pray, but found no words—tho' ready
ripe to weep,
No tear would flow,—o'er ev'ry sense a swoon
began to creep,—

When lo! to bring my horrid fate at once unto
the brunt,
Two Arabs seized me from behind, two others in
the front,
And ere a muscle could be strung to try the strife
forlorn,
I found myself, Mazeppa-like upon the Desert-
Born!

Terrific was the neigh she gave, the moment that
my weight
Was felt upon her back, as if exulting in her
freight;
Whilst dolefully I heard a voice that set each
nerve ajar,—
"Off with the bridle—quick!—and leave his
guidance to his star!"

"Allah! il Allah!" rose the shout, and starting
with a bound,
The dreadful Creature clear'd at once a dozen
yards of ground;
And grasping at her mane with both my cold
convulsive hands,
Away we flew—away! away! across the shifting
sands!
My eyes were closed in utter dread of such a
fearful race,
But yet by certain signs I knew we went no
earthly pace,

For turn whichever way we might, the wind with equal force
Rush'd like a torrid hurricane still adverse to our course—
One moment close at hand I heard the roaring Syrian Sea, [of a bee!
The next it only murmur'd like the humming
And when I dared at last to glance across the wild immense,
Oh ne'er shall I forget the whirl that met the dizzy sense!
What seem'd a little sprig of fern, ere lips could reckon twain, [plain!
A palm of forty cubits high, we passed it on the
What tongue could tell,—what pencil paint,—what pen describe the ride?
Now off—now on—now up—now down,—and flung from side to side!
I tried to speak, but had no voice, to soothe her with its tone—
My scanty breath was jolted out with many a sudden groan—
My joints were rack'd—my back was strain'd, so firmly I had clung—
My nostrils gush'd, and thrice my teeth had bitten through my tongue—
When lo!—farewell all hope of life!—she turn'd and faced the rocks.
None but a flying horse could clear those monstrous granite blocks!

So thought I,—but I little knew the desert pride
and fire,
Derived from a most deer-like dam, and lion-
hearted sire;
Little I guess'd the energy of muscle, blood and
bone,
Bound after bound, with eager springs, she clear'd
each massive stone;—
Nine mortal leaps were pass'd before a huge gray
rock at length
Stood planted there as if to dare her utmost pitch
of strength—
My time was come! that granite heap my monu-
ment of death!
She paused, she snorted loud and long, and drew a
fuller breath;
Nine strides and then a louder beat that warn'd
me of her spring,
I felt her rising in the air like eagle on the wing—
But oh! the crash!—the hideous shock!—the
million sparks around!
Her hindmost hoofs had struck the crest of that
prodigious mound!
Wild shriek'd the headland Desert-Born—or else
'twas demons' mirth,
One second more, and Man and Mare roll'd
breathless on the earth!

* * * *

How long it was I cannot tell ere I revived to
sense,

And then but to endure the pangs of agony
intense;
For over me lay powerless, and still as any stone,
The Corse that erst had so much fire, strength,
spirit, of its own.
My heart was still—my pulses stopp'd—midway
'twixt life and death,
With pain unspeakable I fetch'd the fragment of
a breath,
Not vital air enough to frame one short and feeble
sigh,
Yet even that I loath'd because it would not let
me die.
Oh! slowly, slowly, slowly on, from starry night
till morn,
Time flapp'd along, with leaden wings, across
that waste forlorn!
I cursed the hour that brought me first within this
world of strife—
A sore and heavy sin it is to scorn the gift of
life—
But who hath felt a horse's weight oppress his
labouring breast?
Why any who has had, like me, the NIGHT MARE
on his chest.

LOVE LANE.

If I should love a maiden more,
And woo her ev'ry hope to crown,
I 'd love her all the country o'er,
But not declare it out of town.

One even, by a mossy bank,
That held a hornet's nest within,
To Ellen on my knees I sank,—
How snakes will twine around the shin!

A bashful fear my soul unnerved,
And gave my heart a backward tug;
Nor was I cheer'd when she observed,
Whilst I was silent,—"What a slug!"

At length my offer I preferr'd,
And Hope a kind reply forebode—
Alas! the only sound I heard
Was, "What a horrid ugly toad!"

I vow'd to give her all my heart,
To love her till my life took leave,
And painted all a lover's smart—
Except a wasp gone up his sleeve!

But when I ventured to abide
Her father's and her mother's grants—
Sudden, she started up, and cried,
"O dear! I am all over ants!"

Nay when beginning to beseech
The cause that led to my rebuff,
The answer was as strange a speech,
A "Daddy-Longlegs sure enough!"

I spoke of fortune—house,—and lands,
And still renew'd the warm attack,—
'Tis vain to offer ladies hands
That have a spider on the back!

'Tis vain to talk of hopes and fears,
And hope the least reply to win,
From any maid that stops her ears
In dread of earwigs creeping in!

'Tis vain to call the dearest names
Whilst stoats and weasels startle by—
As vain to talk of mutual flames,
To one with glowworms in her eye!

What check'd me in my fond address,
And knock'd each pretty image down?
What stopp'd my Ellen's faltering Yes?
A caterpillar on her gown!

To list to Philomel is sweet—
To see the Moon rise silver-pale,—
But not to kneel at Lady's feet
And crush a rival in a snail!

Sweet is the eventide, and kind
Its zephyr, balmy as the south;
But sweeter still to speak your mind
Without a chafer in your mouth!

At last, embolden'd by my bliss,
Still fickle Fortune play'd me foul,
For when I strove to snatch a kiss
She scream'd—by proxy, through an owl!

Then, Lovers, doom'd to life or death,
Shun moonlight, twilight, lanes, and bats,
Lest you should have in self-same breath
To bless your fate—and curse the gnats!

DOMESTIC POEMS.

"It 's hame, hame, hame."—A. Cunningham.
"There 's no place like home."—Clari.

I.

HYMENEAL RETROSPECTIONS.

O Kate! my dear Partner, through joy and through strife!
When I look back at Hymen's dear day,
Not a lovelier bride ever changed to a wife,
Though you 're now so old, wizen'd, and gray!

Those eyes, then, were stars, shining rulers of fate!
But as liquid as stars in a pool;
Though now they 're so dim, they appear, my dear Kate,
Just like gooseberries boil'd for a fool!

That brow was like marble, so smooth and so fair;
Though it 's wrinkled so crookedly now,
As if Time, when those furrows were made by the share,
Had been tipsy whilst driving his plough!

Your nose, it was such as the sculptors all chose,
When a Venus demanded their skill;
Though now it can hardly be reckon'd a nose,
But a sort of Poll-Parroty bill!

Your mouth, it was then quite a bait for the bees,
Such a nectar there hung on each lip;
Though now it has taken that lemon-like squeeze,
Not a blue-bottle comes for a sip!

Your chin, it was one of Love's favourite haunts
From its dimple he could not get loose;
Though now the neat hand of a barber it wants,
Or a singe, like the breast of a goose!

How rich were those locks, so abundant and full,
With their ringlets of auburn so deep!
Though now they look only like frizzles of wool,
By a bramble torn off from a sheep!

That neck, not a swan could excel it in grace,
While in whiteness it vied with your arms:
Though now a grave 'kerchief you properly place,
To conceal that scrag-end of your charms!

Your figure was tall, then, and perfectly straight,
Though it now has two twists from upright—
But bless you! still bless you! my Partner! my Kate!
Though you be such a perfect old fright!

II.

The sun was slumbering in the West,
My daily labours past;
On Anna's soft and gentle breast
My head reclined at last;—
The darkness closed around, so dear
To fond congenial souls,
And thus she murmur'd at my ear,
"My love, we're out of coals!"

"That Mister Bond has call'd again,
Insisting on his rent;
And all the Todds are coming up
To see us, out of Kent;—
I quite forgot to tell you John
Has had a tipsy fall;—
I'm sure there's something going on
With that vile Mary Hall!"—

"Miss Bell has bought the sweetest silk,
And I have bought the rest—
Of course, if we go out of town,
Southend will be the best.—
I really think the Jones's house
Would be the thing for us;—
I think I told you Mrs. Pope
Had parted with her *nus*——"

"Cook, by the way, came up to-day,
To bid me suit myself—

And what d'ye think? the rats have gnaw'd
The victuals on the shelf.—
And, lord! there's such a letter come,
Inviting you to fight!
Of course you don't intend to go—
God bless you, dear, good night!"

III.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON, AGED THREE YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop,—first let me kiss away that tear)—
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather-light,
Untouch'd by sorrow, and unsoil'd by sin—
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air—
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore a-fire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;
Fit playfellow for Fays, by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From ev'ry blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in Youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble!—that 's his precious nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope!
(He 'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamp'd from Nature's mint—
(Where *did* he learn that squint?)
Thou young domestic dove!
(He 'll have that jug off, with another shove!)
Dear nurseling of the Hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He 'll climb upon the table, that 's his plan!)
Touch'd with the beauteous tints of dawning life—
(He 's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball—bestride the stick—
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies, buoyant as the thistle-down,

Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk,
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy and breathing music like the South,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,—
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,—
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write, unless he's sent above!)

IV.

A SERENADE.

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!"
Thus I heard a father cry,
"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
The brat will never shut an eye;
Hither come, some power divine!
Close his lids, or open mine!"

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
What the devil makes him cry?
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Still he stares—I wonder why,
Why are not the sons of earth
Blind, like puppies, from the birth?"

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!"
Thus I heard the father cry;
"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Mary, you must come and try!—
Hush, oh, hush, for mercy's sake—
The more I sing, the more you wake!"

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Fie, you little creature, fie!
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Is no poppy-syrup nigh?
Give him some, or give him all,
I am nodding to his fall!"

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Two such nights, and I shall die!
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
He 'll be bruised, and so shall I,—
How can I from bedposts keep,
When I 'm walking in my sleep?"

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Sleep his very looks deny—
Lullaby, oh, lullaby;
Nature soon will stupefy—
My nerves relax,—my eyes grow dim—
Who 's that fallen—me or him?"

A PLAIN DIRECTION.

"Do you never deviate?"—*John Bull.*

In London once I lost my way
In faring to and fro,
And ask'd a little ragged boy
The way that I should go;
He gave a nod, and then a wink,
And told me to get there
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I box'd his little saucy ears,
And then away I strode;
But since I've found that weary path
Is quite a common road.
Utopia is a pleasant place,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've read about a famous town
That drove a famous trade,
Where Whittington walk'd up and found
A fortune ready made.

The very streets are paved with gold;
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've read about a Fairy Land,
In some romantic tale,
Where Dwarfs if good are sure to thrive
And wicked Giants fail.
My wish is great, my shoes are strong,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've heard about some happy Isle,
Where every man is free,
And none can lie in bonds for life
For want of L. S. D.
Oh! that's the land of Liberty!
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've dreamt about some blessed spot,
Beneath the blessed sky,
Where Bread and Justice never rise
Too dear for folks to buy.
It's cheaper than the Ward of Cheap,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

They say there is an ancient House,
As pure as it is old,
Where Members always speak their minds,
And votes are never sold.
I 'm fond of all antiquities,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

They say there is a Royal Court
Maintain'd in noble state,
Where every able man, and good,
Is certain to be great!
I 'm very fond of seeing sights,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

They say there is a Temple too,
Where Christians come to pray;
But canting knaves and hypocrites,
And bigots keep away.
O! that 's the parish church for me!
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

They say there is a Garden fair,
That 's haunted by the dove,
Where love of gold doth ne'er eclipse
The golden light of love—

The place must be a Paradise,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've heard there is a famous Land
For public spirit known—
Whose Patriots love its interests
Much better than their own.
The Land of Promise sure it is!
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've read about a fine Estate,
A Mansion large and strong;
A view all over Kent and back,
And going for a song.
George Robins knows the very spot,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've heard there is a Company
All formal and enroll'd,
Will take your smallest silver coin
And give it back in gold.
Of course the office door is mobb'd,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've heard about a pleasant Land,
Where omelettes grow on trees,
And roasted pigs run crying out,
"Come eat me, if you please."
My appetite is rather keen,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

A TABLE OF ERRATA.

(*Hostess loquitur.*)

Well! thanks be to Heaven,
The summons is given;
It's only gone seven
And should have been six;
There's fine overdoing
In roasting and stewing,
And victuals past chewing
To rags and to sticks!

How dreadfully chilly!
I shake, willy-nilly;
That John is so silly
And never will learn
This plate is a cold one,
That cloth is an old one,
I wish they had told one
The lamp wouldn't burn.

Now then for some blunder,
For nerves to sink under:
I never shall wonder
Whatever goes ill.

That fish is a riddle!
It 's broke in the middle.
A Turbot! a fiddle!
  It 's only a Brill!

It 's quite over-boil'd too,
The butter is oil'd too,
The soup is all spoil'd too,
  It 's nothing but slop.
The smelts looking flabby,
The soles are as dabby,
It all is so shabby
  That Cook shall not stop!

As sure as the morning,
She gets a month's warning,
My orders for scorning—
  There 's nothing to eat!
I hear such a rushing,
I feel such a flushing,
I know I am blushing
  As red as a beet!

Friends flatter and flatter,
I wish they would chatter;
What *can* be the matter
  That nothing comes next?
How very unpleasant!
Lord! there is the pheasant!
Not wanted at present,
  I 'm born to be vext!

The pudding brought on too
And aiming at ton too!
And where is that John too,
The plague that he is?
He 's off on some ramble:
And there is Miss Campbell,
Enjoying the scramble,
Detestable Quiz!

The veal they all eye it,
But no one will try it,
An Ogre would shy it
So ruddy as that!
And as for the mutton,
The cold dish it 's put on,
Converts to a button
Each drop of the fat.

The beef without mustard!
My fate 's to be fluster'd,
And there comes the custard
To eat with the hare!
Such flesh, fowl, and fishing,
Such waiting and dishing,
I cannot help wishing
A woman might swear!

Oh dear! did I ever—
But no, I did never—
Well, come, that is clever,
To send up the brawn!

That cook, I could scold her,
Gets worse as she 's older;
I wonder who told her
That woodcocks are drawn.!

It 's really audacious!
I cannot look gracious,
Lord help the voracious
That came for a cram!
There 's Alderman Fuller
Gets duller and duller.
Those fowls, by the colour,
Were boil'd with the ham!

Well, where is the curry?
I 'm all in a flurry.
No, cook 's in no hurry—
A stoppage again!
And John makes it wider,
A pretty provider!
By bringing up cider
Instead of champagne!

My troubles come faster!
There 's my lord and master
Detects each disaster,
And hardly can sit:
He cannot help seeing,
All things disagreeing;
If *he* begins d—ing
I 'm off in a fit!

This cooking?—it 's messing!
The spinach wants pressing,
And salads in dressing
  Are best with good eggs.
And John—yes, already—
Has had something heady,
That makes him unsteady
  In keeping his legs.

How *shall* I get through it!
I never can do it,
I 'm quite looking to it,
  To sink by and by.
Oh! would I were dead now,
Or up in my bed now,
To cover my head now
  And have a good cry!

A ROW AT THE OXFORD ARMS.

"Glorious Apollo from on high beheld us."
OLD SONG.

As latterly I chanced to pass
A Public House, from which, alas!
The Arms of Oxford dangle!
My ear was startled by a din,
That made me tremble in my skin,
A dreadful hubbub from within,
Of voices in a wrangle—
Voices loud, and voices high,
With now and then a party-cry,
Such as used in times gone by
To scare the British border:
When foes from North and South of Tweed—
Neighbours—and of Christian creed—
Met in hate to fight and bleed,
Upsetting Social Order.
Surprised, I turn'd me to the crowd,
Attracted by that tumult loud,
And ask'd a gazer, beetle-brow'd,
The cause of such disquiet.
When lo! the solemn-looking man,
First shook his head on Burleigh's plan,
And then, with fluent tongue, began
His version of the riot:

A row!—why yes,—a pretty row, you might hear
from this to Garmany,
And what is worse, it 's all got up among the Sons
of Harmony,
The more 's the shame for them as used to be in
time and tune, [June!
And all unite in chorus like the singing-birds in
Ah! many a pleasant chant I 've heard in passing
here along,
When Swiveller was President a-knocking down
a song;
But Dick 's resign'd the post, you see, and all them
shouts and hollers
Is 'cause two other candidates, some sort of larned
scholars,
Are squabbling to be Chairman of the Glorious
Apollers!

Lord knows their names, I 'm sure I don't, no
more than any yokel,
But I never heard of either as connected with the
vocal;
Nay, some do say, although of course the public
rumour varies,
They 've no more warble in 'em than a pair of hen
canaries;
Though that might pass if they were dabs at t' other
sort of thing,
For a man may make a song, you know, although
he cannot sing;

But lork! it 's many folks' belief they 're only good at prosing,
For Catnach swears he never saw a verse of their composing;
And when a piece of poetry has stood its public trials,
If pop'lar, it gets printed off at once in Seven Dials,
And then about all sorts of streets, by every little monkey,
It 's chanted like the "Dog's Meat Man," or "If I had a Donkey."
Whereas, as Mr. Catnach says, and not a bad judge neither,
No ballad worth a ha' penny has ever come from either,
And him as writ "Jim Crow," he says, and got such lots of dollars,
Would make a better Chairman for the Glorious Apollers.

Howsomever that 's the meaning of the squabble that arouses
This neighbourhood, and quite disturbs all decent Heads of Houses,
Who want to have their dinners and their parties, as is reason,
In Christian peace and charity according to the season.
But from Number Thirty-Nine—since this electioneering job,

Ay, as far as Number Ninety, there 's an everlasting mob;
Till the thing is quite a nuisance, for no creature passes by,
But he gets a card, a pamphlet, or a summut in his eye;
And a pretty noise there is!—what with canvassers and spouters,
For in course each side is furnish'd with its backers and its touters;
And surely among the Clergy to such pitches it is carried,
You can hardly find a Parson to get buried or get married;
Or supposing any accident that suddenly alarms,
If you 're dying for a surgeon, you must fetch him from the "Arms:"
While the Schoolmasters and Tooters are neglecting of their scholars,
To write about a Chairman for the Glorious Apollers.

Well, that, sir, is the racket; and the more the sin and shame
Of them that help to stir it up, and propagate the same;
Instead of vocal ditties, and the social flowing cup,—
But they 'll be the House's ruin, or the shutting of it up,—

With their riots and their hubbubs, like a garden
full of bears,
While they 've damaged many articles and broken
lots of squares,
And kept their noble Club Room in a perfect dust
and smother,
By throwing *Morning Heralds*, *Times*, and *Stand-
ards* at each other;
Not to name the ugly language Gemmen oughtn't
to repeat,
And the names they call each other—for I 've
heard 'em in the street—
Such as Traitors, Guys, and Judases, and Vipers,
and what not,
For Pasley and his divers an't so blowing-up a lot.
And then such awful swearing!—for there 's one
of them that cusses
Enough to shock the cads that hang on opposition
'busses;
For he cusses every member that 's agin him at
the poll, [soul;
As I wouldn't cuss a donkey, tho' it hasn't got a
And he cusses all their families, Jack, Harry, Bob,
or Jim,
To the babby in the cradle, if they don't agree
with him.
Whereby, altho' as yet they have not took to use
their fives,
Or, according as the fashion is, to sticking with
their knives,

I'm bound there 'll be some milling yet, and shakings by the collars,
Afore they choose a Chairman for the Glorious Apollers!

To be sure it is a pity to be blowing such a squall,
Instead of clouds, and every man his song, and then his call—
And as if there wasn't Whigs enough and Tories to fall out,
Besides politics in plenty for our splits to be about—
Why, a cornfield is sufficient, sir, as anybody knows,
For to furnish them in plenty who are fond of picking crows—
Not to name the Maynooth Catholics, and other Irish stews,
To agitate society and loosen all its screws;
And which all may be agreeable and proper to their spheres,—
But it 's not the thing for musicals to set us by the ears.
And as to College larning, my opinion for to broach,
And I've had it from my cousin, and he driv a college coach,
And so knows the University, and all as there belongs,
And he says that Oxford 's famouser for sausages than songs,

And seldom turns a poet out like Hudson that
can chant,
As well as make such ditties as the Free and
Easies want,
Or other Tavern Melodists I can't just call to
mind—
But it 's not the classic system for to propagate
the kind.
Whereby it so may happen as that neither of them
Scholars
May be the proper Chairman for the Glorious
Apollers!

For my part in the matter, if so be I had a
voice,
It 's the best among the vocalists I 'd honour with
the choice;
Or a poet as could furnish a new Ballad to the
bunch; [punch;
Or at any rate the surest hand at mixing of the
'Cause why, the members meet for that and other
tuneful frolics—
And not to say, like Muffincaps, their Catichiz
and Collec's.
But you see them there Itinerants that preach so
long and loud,
And always takes advantage like the prigs of any
crowd,
Have brought their jangling voices, and as far as
they can compass,

Have turn'd a tavern shindy to a seriouser rumpus,
And him as knows most hymns—altho' I can't see how it follers—
They want to be the Chairman of the Glorious Appollers!

Well, that's the row—and who can guess the upshot after all?
Whether Harmony will ever make the "Arms" her House of call,
Or whether this here mobbing—as some longish heads foretell it,
Will grow to such a riot that the Oxford Blues must quell it,
Howsomever, for the present, there's no sign of any peace,
For the hubbub keeps a growing, and defies the New Police;—
But if I was in the Vestry, and a leading sort of Man,
Or a Member of the Vocals, to get backers for my plan,
Why I'd settle all the squabble in the twinkle of a needle,
For I'd have another candidate—and that's the Parish Beadle,
Who makes such lots of Poetry, himself, or else by proxy,
And no one never has no doubts about his orthodoxy;

Whereby—if folks was wise—instead of either
of them Scholars,
And straining their own lungs along of contradic-
tious hollers,
They 'll lend their ears to reason, and take my
advice as follers,
Namely—Bumble for the Chairman of the Glo-
rious Appollers!

EQUESTRIAN COURTSHIP.

I.

It was a young maiden went forth to ride,
And there was a wooer to pace by her side;
His horse was so little, and hers so high,
He thought his Angel was up in the sky.

II.

His love was great, tho' his wit was small;
He bade her ride easy—and that was all.
The very horses began to neigh,—
Because their betters had nought to say.

III.

They rode by elm, and they rode by oak,
They rode by a church-yard, and then he spoke:—
"My pretty maiden, if you 'll agree
You shall always ramble through life with me."

IV.

The damsel answer'd him never a word,
But kick'd the gray mare, and away she spurr'd.
The wooer still follow'd behind the jade,
And enjoy'd—like a wooer—the dust she made.

V.

They rode thro' moss, and they rode thro' moor,—
The gallant behind and the lass before;—
At last they came to a miry place,
And there the sad wooer gave up the chase.

VI.

Quoth he, "If my nag were better to ride,
I 'd follow her over the world so wide.
Oh, it is not my love that begins to fail,
But I 've lost the last glimpse of the gray mare's tail!"

AN OPEN QUESTION.

"It is the king's highway, that we are in, and in this way it is that thou hast placed the lions."—BUNYAN.

I.

WHAT! shut the Gardens! lock the latticed gate!
Refuse the shilling and the Fellow's ticket!
And hang a wooden notice up to state,
"On Sundays no admittance at this wicket!"
The Birds, the Beasts, and all the Reptile race
Denied to friends and visitors till Monday!
Now, really, this appears the common case
Of putting too much Sabbath into Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

II.

The Gardens,—so unlike the ones we dub
Of Tea, wherein the artisan carouses,—
Mere shrubberies without one drop of shrub,—
Wherefore should they be closed like public-houses?
No ale is vended at the wild Deer's Head,—
Nor rum—nor gin—not even of a Monday—
The Lion is not carved—or gilt—or red,
And does not send out porter of a Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

III.

The Bear denied! the Leopard under locks!
As if his spots would give contagious fevers!
The Beaver close as hat within its box;
So different from other Sunday beavers!
The Birds invisible—the Gnaw-way Rats—
The Seal hermetically seal'd till Monday—
The Monkey tribe—the Family of Cats,—
We visit other families on Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

IV.

What is the brute profanity that shocks
The super-sensitively serious feeling?
The Kangaroo—is he not orthodox
To bend his legs, the way he does, in kneeling?
Was strict Sir Andrew, in his sabbath coat,
Struck all a heap to see a *Coati mundi?*
Or did the Kentish Plumtree faint to note
The Pelicans presenting bills on Sunday?—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

V.

What feature has repulsed the serious set?
What error in the bestial birth or breeding,
To put their tender fancies on the fret?
One thing is plain—it is not in the feeding!
Some stiffish people think that smoking joints
Are carnal sins 'twixt Saturday and Monday—

But then the beasts are pious on these points,
For they all eat cold dinners on a Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

VI.

What change comes o'er the spirit of the place,
As if transmuted by some spell organic?
Turns fell Hyæna of the Ghoulish race?
The Snake, *pro tempore*, the true Satanic?
Do Irish minds,—(whose theory allows [day)—
That now and then Good Friday falls on Mon-
Do Irish minds suppose that Indian Cows
Are wicked Bulls of Bashan on a Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

VII.

There are some moody Fellows, not a few,
Who, turn'd by Nature with a gloomy bias
Renounce black devils to adopt the blue,
And think when they are dismal they are pious:
Is 't possible that Pug's untimely fun
Has sent the brutes to Coventry till Monday—
Or p'rhaps some animal, no serious one,
Was overheard in laughter on a Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

VIII.

What dire offence have serious Fellows found
To raise their spleen against the Regent's
spinney?

Were charitable boxes handed round, [guinea?
And would not Guinea Pigs subscribe their
Perchance, the Demoiselle refused to moult
The feathers in her head—at least till Monday;
Or did the Elephant, unseemly, bolt
A tract presented to be read on Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

IX.

At whom did Leo struggle to get loose?
Who mourns through Monkey tricks his damaged clothing?
Who has been hiss'd by the Canadian Goose?
On whom did Llama spit in utter loathing?
Some Smithfield Saint did jealous feelings tell
To keep the Puma out of sight till Monday,
Because he prey'd extempore as well
As certain wild Itinerants on Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

X.

To me it seems that in the oddest way
(Begging the pardon of each rigid Socius)
Our would-be Keepers of the Sabbath-day
Are like the Keepers of the brutes ferocious—
As soon the Tiger might expect to stalk
About the grounds from Saturday till Monday,
As any harmless man to take a walk,
If Saints could clap him in a cage on Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

XI.

In spite of all hypocrisy can spin,
As surely as I am a Christian scion,
I cannot think it is a mortal sin—
(Unless he 's loose) to look upon a lion.
I really think that one may go, perchance.
To see a bear, as guiltless as on Monday—
(That is, provided that he did not dance)
Bruin's no worse than bakin' on a Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

XII.

In spite of all the fanatic compiles,
I cannot think the day a bit diviner,
Because no children, with forestalling smiles,
Throng, happy, to the gates of Eden Minor—
It is not plain, to my poor faith at least,
That what we christen "Natural" on Monday,
The wondrous history of Bird and Beast,
Can be Unnatural because it 's Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

XIII.

Whereon is sinful fantasy to work?
The Dove, the wing'd Columbus of man's haven?
The tender Love-Bird—or the filial Stork?
The punctual Crane—the providential Raven?
The Pelican whose bosom feeds her young?
Nay, must we cut from Saturday till Monday

That feather'd marvel with a human tongue,
Because she does not preach upon a Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

XIV.

The busy Beaver—that sagacious beast!
The Sheep that own'd an Oriental Shepherd—
That Desert-ship, the Camel of the East,
The horn'd Rhinoceros—the spotted Leopard—
The Creatures of the Great Creator's hand
Are surely sights for better days than Monday—
The Elephant, although he wears no band,
Has he no sermon in his trunk for Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

XV.

What harm if men who burn the midnight-oil,
Weary of frame, and worn and wan in feature,
Seek once a week their spirits to assoil,
And snatch a glimpse of "Animated Nature?"
Better it were if, in his best of suits,
The artisan, who goes to work on Monday,
Should spend a leisure hour amongst the brutes,
Than make a beast of his own self on Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

XVI.

Why, zounds! what raised so Protestant a fuss
(Omit the zounds! for which I make apology)

But that the Papists, like some Fellows, thus
Had somehow mix'd up *Dens* with their Theology?
Is Brahma's Bull—a Hindoo God at home—
A papal Bull to be tied up till Monday—
Or Leo, like his namesake, Pope of Rome,
That there is such a dread of them on Sunday—
But what is your opinion Mrs. Grundy?

XVII.

Spirit of Kant! have we not had enough
To make Religion sad, and sour, and snubbish,
But Saints Zoological must cant their stuff,
As vessels cant their ballast—rattling rubbish!
Once let the sect, triumphant to their text,
Shut Nero up from Saturday till Monday,
And sure as fate they will deny us next
To see the Dandelions on a Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

NOTE.

THERE is an anecdote of a Scotch Professor who happened during a Sunday walk to be hammering at a geological specimen which he had picked up, when a peasant gravely accosted him, and said, very seriously, "Eh! Sir, you think you are only breaking a stone, but you are breaking the Sabbath."

In a similar spirit some of our over-righteous sectarians are fond of attributing all breakage to the same cause—from the smashing of a parish lamp, up to the fracture of a human skull; —the "breaking into the bloody house of life," or the breaking into a brick-built dwelling. They all originate in the breaking of the Sabbath. It is the source of every crime in the county — the parent of every illegitimate child in the parish. The picking of a pocket is ascribed to the picking of a daisy — the robbery on the highway to a stroll in the fields — the incendiary fire to a hot dinner — on Sunday. All other causes — the want of education — the want of moral culture — the want of bread itself, are totally repudiated. The criminal himself is made to confess at the gallows that he owes his appearance on the scaffold to a walk with "Salley in our alley" on the "day that comes between a Saturday and Monday."

Supposing this theory to be correct, and made like the law "for every degree," the wonder of Captain Macheath that we haven't "better company at Tyburn tree" (now the New Drop) must be fully shared by every body who has visited the Ring in Hyde Park on the day in question. But how much greater must be the wonder of any person who has happened to reside, like myself, for a year or two in a Continental city, inhabited, according to the strict construction of our Mawworms, by some fifteen or twenty thousand of habitual Sabbath-breakers, and yet, without hearing of murder and robbery as often as of blood-sausages and dollars! A city where the Burgomaster himself must have come to a

bad end, if a dance upon Sunday led so inevitably to a dance upon nothing!

The "Saints" having set up this absolute dependence of crime on Sabbath-breaking, their relative proportions become a fair statistical question; and, as such, the inquiry is seriously recommended to the rigid Legislator, who acknowledges, indeed, that the Sabbath was "made for man," but, by a singular interpretation, conceives that the man for whom it was made is himself!

MORNING MEDITATIONS.

Let Taylor preach upon a morning breezy,
How well to rise while nights and larks are flying—
For my part getting up seems not so easy
By half as *lying*.

What if the lark does carol in the sky,
Soaring beyond the sight to find him out—
Wherefore am I to rise at such a fly?
I'm not a trout.

Talk not to me of bees and such like hums,
The smell of sweet herbs at the morning prime—
Only lie long enough, and bed becomes
A bed of *time*.

To me Dan Phœbus and his car are nought,
His steeds that paw impatiently about,—
Let them enjoy, say I, as horses ought,
The first turn-out!

Right beautiful the dewy meads appear
Besprinkled by the rosy-fingered girl;
What then,—if I prefer my pillow-beer
To early pearl?

My stomach is not ruled by other men's,
And grumbling for a reason, quaintly begs
Wherefore should master rise before the hens
Have laid their eggs?

Why from a comfortable pillow start
To see faint flushes in the east awaken?
A fig, say I, for any streaky part,
Excepting bacon.

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,
Who used to haste the dewy grass among,
"To meet the sun upon the upland lawn"—
Well—he died young.

With charwomen such early hours agree,
And sweeps that earn betimes their bit and sup;
But I 'm no climbing boy, and need not be
All up—all up!

So here I 'll lie, my morning calls deferring,
Till something nearer to the stroke of noon;—
A man that 's fond precociously of *stirring*,
Must be a spoon.

A BLACK JOB.

"No doubt the pleasure is as great,
Of being cheated as to cheat."
HUDIBRAS.

THE history of human-kind to trace
Since Eve—the first of dupes—our doom unriddled,
A certain portion of the human race
Has certainly a taste for being diddled.

Witness the famous Mississippi dreams!
A rage that time seems only to redouble—
The Banks, Joint-Stocks, and all the flimsy schemes,
For rolling in Pactolian streams,
That cost our modern rogues so little trouble.
No matter what,—to pasture cows on stubble,
To twist sea-sand into a solid rope,
To make French bricks and fancy bread of rubble,
Or light with gas the whole celestial cope—
Only propose to blow a bubble,
And Lord! what hundreds will subscribe for soap!

Soap! it reminds me of a little tale,
Tho' not a pig's, the hawbuck's glory,
When rustic games and merriment prevail—
But here 's my story:

Once on a time—no matter when—
A knot of very charitable men
  Set up a Philanthropical Society,
    Professing on a certain plan,
    To benefit the race of man,
  And in particular that dark variety,
Which some suppose inferior—as in vermin,
      The sable is to ermine,
As smut to flour, as coal to alabaster,
  As crows to swans, as soot to driven snow,
  As blacking, or as ink to "milk below,"
  Or yet, a better simile to show,
As ragman's dolls to images in plaster!

However, as is usual in our city,
They had a sort of managing Committee,
  A board of grave, responsible Directors—
A Secretary, good at pen and ink—
A Treasurer, of course, to keep the chink,
  And quite an army of Collectors!
Not merely male, but female duns,
  Young, old, and middle-aged—of all degrees—
With many of those persevering ones,
  Who mite by mite would beg a cheese!
And what might be their aim?
  To rescue Afric's sable sons from fetters—
To save their bodies from the burning shame
  Of branding with hot letters—
Their shoulders from the cowhide's bloody strokes,
      Their necks from iron yokes?

To end or mitigate the ills of slavery,
The Planter's avarice, the Driver's knavery?
To school the heathen negroes and enlighten 'em,
To polish up and brighten 'em,
And make them worthy of eternal bliss?
Why, no—the simple end and aim was this—
Reading a well-known proverb much amiss—
To wash and whiten 'em!

They look'd so ugly in their sable hides;
So dark, so dingy, like a grubby lot
Of sooty sweeps, or colliers, and besides,
However the poor elves
Might wash themselves,
Nobody knew if they were clean or not—
On Nature's fairness they were quite a blot!
Not to forget more serious complaints
That even while they join'd in pious hymn,
So black they were and grim,
In face and limb,
They look'd like Devils, tho' they sang like Saints!
The thing was undeniable!
They wanted washing! not that slight ablution
To which the skin of the White man is liable,
Merely removing transient pollution—
But good, hard, honest, energetic rubbing
And scrubbing,
Sousing each sooty frame from heels to head
With stiff, strong saponaceous lather,
And pails of water—hottish rather,
But not so boiling as to turn 'em red!

So spoke the philanthropic man
Who laid and hatch'd, and nursed the plan—
  And oh! to view its glorious consummation!
    The brooms and mops,
    The tubs and slops,
  The baths and brushes in full operation!
To see each Crow, or Jim, or John,
Go in a raven and come out a swan!
  While fair as Cavendishes, Vanes, and Russels,
Black Venus rises from the soapy surge,
And all the little Niggerlings emerge
  As lily-white as mussels.

Sweet was the vision—but alas!
  However in prospectus bright and sunny,
To bring such visionary scenes to pass
  One thing was requisite, and that was—money!
Money, that pays the laundress and her bills,
For socks, and collars, shirts, and frills,
Cravats and kerchiefs—money, without which
The negroes must remain as dark as pitch;
  A thing to make all Christians sad and shivery,
To think of millions of immortal souls
Dwelling in bodies black as coals,
  And living—so to speak—in Satan's livery!

Money—the root of evil—dross and stuff!
  But oh! how happy ought the rich to feel,
Whose means enabled them to give enough
  To blanch an African from head to heel!

How blessed—yea thrice blessed—to subscribe
Enough to scour a tribe!
While he whose fortune was at best a brittle one,
Although he gave but pence, how sweet to know
He help'd to bleach a Hottentot's great toe,
Or little one!

Moved by this logic, or appall'd,
To persons of a certain turn so proper,
The money came when call'd
In silver, gold, and copper,
Presents from "friends to blacks," or foes to whites,
"Trifles," and "offerings," and "widow's mites,"
Plump legacies, and yearly benefactions,
With other gifts
And charitable lifts,
Printed in lists and quarterly transactions.
As thus—Elisha Brettel,
An iron kettle.
The Dowager Lady Scannel,
A piece of flannel.
Rebecca Pope,
A bar of soap,
The Misses Howels,
Half-a-dozen towels.
The Master Rush's
Two scrubbing-brushes
Mr. Groom,
A stable broom,
And Mrs. Grubb,
A tub.

Great were the sums collected!
And great results in consequence expected.
But somehow, in the teeth of all endeavour,
According to reports
At yearly courts,
The blacks, confound them! were as black as ever!

Yes! spite of all the water soused aloft,
Soap, plain and mottled, hard and soft,
Soda and pearlash, huckaback and sand,
Brooms, brushes, palm of hand,
And scourers in the office strong and clever,
In spite of all the tubbing, rubbing, scrubbing,
The routing and the grubbing,
The blacks, confound them! were as black as ever!

In fact, in his perennial speech,
The chairman owned the niggers did not bleach,
As he had hoped,
From being washed and soap'd,
A circumstance he named with grief and pity;
But still he had the happiness to say,
For self and the Committee,
By persevering in the present way,
And scrubbing at the Blacks from day to day,
Although he could not promise perfect white,
From certain symptoms that had come to light,
He hoped in time to get them gray!

Lull'd by this vague assurance,
The friends and patrons of the sable tribe
Continued to subscribe,
And waited, waited on with much endurance—
Many a frugal sister, thrifty daughter—
Many a stinted widow, pinching mother—
With income by the tax made somewhat shorter,
Still paid implicitly her crown per quarter,
Only to hear as every year came round,
That Mr. Treasurer had spent her pound;
And as she loved her sable brother,
That Mr. Treasurer must have another!

But, spite of pounds or guineas,
Instead of giving any hint
Of turning to a neutral tint,
The plaguy negroes and their piccaninnies
Were still the colour of the bird that caws—
Only some very aged souls
Showing a little gray upon their polls,
Like daws!

However, nothing dash'd
By such repeated failures, or abash'd,
The Court still met; the Chairman and Directors,
The Secretary, good at pen and ink,
The worthy Treasurer, who kept the chink,
And all the cash Collectors;
With hundreds of that class, so kindly credulous,
Without whose help no charlatan alive,

Or bubble Company could hope to thrive,
Or busy Chevalier, however sedulous—
Those good and easy innocents in fact,
Who willingly receiving chaff for corn,
As pointed out by Butler's tact,
Still find a secret pleasure in the act
Of being pluck'd and shorn!

However, in long hundreds there they were,
Thronging the hot, and close, and dusty court,
To hear once more addresses from the Chair,
And regular Report.
Alas! concluding in the usual strain,
That what with everlasting wear and tear,
The scrubbing-brushes had n't got a hair—
The brooms—mere stumps—would never serve again—
The soap was gone, the flannels all in shreds,
The towels worn to threads,
The tubs and pails too shattered to be mended—
And what was added with a deal of pain,
But as accounts correctly would explain,
Tho' thirty thousand pounds had been expended—
The Blackamoors had still been wash'd in vain!

"In fact the negroes were as black as ink,
Yet, still as the Committee dared to think,
And hoped the proposition was not rash,
A rather free expenditure of cash—"
But ere the prospect could be made more sunny—

Up jump'd a little, lemon-colour'd man,
And with an eager stammer, thus began,
In angry earnest, though it sounded funny:
"What! More subscriptions! No—no—no,—
not I!
You have had time—time—time enough to try!
They WON'T come white! then why—why—why
—why—why,
More money?"

"Why!" said the Chairman, with an accent bland,
And gentle waving of his dexter hand,
"Why must we have more dross, and dirt, and
dust,
More filthy lucre, in a word more gold—
The why, sir, very easily is told,
Because Humanity declares we must!
We've scrubb'd the Negroes till we've nearly
kill'd 'em,
And finding that we cannot wash them white,
But still their nigritude offends the sight,
We mean to gild 'em!"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATHENÆUM.

My dear Sir,—The following Ode was written anticipating the tone of some strictures on my writings, by the gentleman to whom it is addressed. I have not seen his book; but I know by hearsay that some of my verses are characterized as "profaneness and ribaldry"—citing, in proof, the description of a certain sow, from whose jaw a cabbage sprout—

> Protruded as the dove so stanch
> For peace supports an olive branch.

If the printed works of my Censor had not prepared me for any misapplication of *types*, I should have been surprised by this misapprehension of one of the commonest emblems. In some cases the dove unquestionably stands for the Divine Spirit; but the same bird is also a lay representative of the peace of this world, and, as such, has figured time out of mind in allegorical pictures. The sense in which it was used by me is plain from the context; at least, it would be plain to any one but a fisher for faults, predisposed to carp at some things, to dab at others, and to flounder in all. But I am possibly in error. It is the female swine, perhaps, that is profaned in the eyes of the Oriental tourist. Men find strange ways of marking their intolerance; and the spirit is certainly strong enough, in Mr. W.'s works, to set up a creature as sacred, in sheer opposition to the Mussulman, with whom she is a beast of abomination. It would only be going the whole sow.

I am, dear Sir, yours very truly.

Thos. Hood.

ODE TO RAE WILSON, ESQUIRE.

"Close, close your eyes with holy dread,
And weave a circle round him thrice;
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise!"

COLERIDGE.

"It 's very hard them kind of men
Won't let a body be."

OLD BALLAD.

A WANDERER, Wilson, from my native land,
Remote, O Rae, from godliness and thee,
Where rolls between us the eternal sea,
Besides some furlongs of a foreign sand,—
Beyond the broadest Scotch of London Wall;
Beyond the loudest Saint that has a call;
Across the wavy waste between us stretch'd,
A friendly missive warns me of a stricture,
Wherein my likeness you have darkly etch'd,
And tho' I have not seen the shadow sketch'd,
Thus I remark prophetic on the picture.

I guess the features:—in a line to paint
Their moral ugliness, I 'm not a saint.
Not one of those self-constituted saints,
Quacks—not physicians—in the cure of souls,

Censors who sniff out moral taints,
And call the devil over his own coals—
Those pseudo Privy Councillors of God,
Who write down judgments with a pen hard-
nibb'd;
Ushers of Beelzebub's Black Rod,
Commending sinners, not to ice thick-ribb'd,
But endless flames, to scorch them like flax.—
Yet sure of heav'n themselves, as if they 'd cribb'd
Th' impression of St. Peter's keys in wax!

Of such a character no single trace
Exists, I know, in my fictitious face;
There wants a certain cast about the eye;
A certain lifting of the nose's tip:
A certain curling of the nether lip,
In scorn of all that is, beneath the sky;
In brief it is an aspect deleterious,
A face decidedly not serious,
A face profane, that would not do at all
To make a face at Exeter Hall,—
That Hall where bigots rant, and cant, and pray,
And laud each other face to face,
Till ev'ry farthing candle *ray*
Conceives itself a great gas-light of grace!

Well!—be the graceless lineaments confest!
I do enjoy this bounteous beauteous earth;
And dote upon a jest
"Within the limits of becoming mirth;"—

No solemn sanctimonious face I pull,
Nor think I 'm pious when I 'm only bilious—
Nor study in my sanctum supercilious
To frame a Sabbath Bill or forge a Bull.
I pray for grace—repent each sinful act—
Peruse, but underneath the rose, my Bible ;
And love my neighbour, far too well, in fact,
To call and twit him with a godly tract
That 's turn'd by application to a libel.
My heart ferments not with the bigot's leaven,
All creeds I view with toleration thorough,
And have a horror of regarding heaven
As anybody's rotten borough.

What else ? no part I take in party fray,
With tropes from Billingsgate's slang-whanging tartars,
I fear no Pope—and let great Ernest play
At Fox and Goose with Fox's Martyrs!
I own I laugh at over-righteous men,
I own I shake my sides at ranters,
And treat sham Abr'am saints with wicked banters,
I even own, that there are times—but then
It's when I've got my wine—I say d—— canters!

I 've no ambition to enact the spy
On fellow souls, a Spiritual Pry—
'Tis said that people ought to guard their noses

Who thrust them into matters none of theirs:
And, tho' no delicacy discomposes
Your Saint, yet I consider faith and pray'rs
Amongst the privatest of men's affairs.

I do not hash the Gospel in my books,
And thus upon the public mind intrude it,
As if I thought, like Otaheitan cooks,
No food was fit to eat till I had chew'd it.

On Bible stilts I don't affect to stalk;
Nor lard with Scripture my familiar talk,—
For man may pious texts repeat,
And yet religion have no inward seat;
'Tis not so plain as the old Hill of Howth,
A man has got his belly full of meat
Because he talks with victuals in his mouth!

Mere verbiage,—it is not worth a carrot!
Why Socrates or Plato—where 's the odds?—
Once taught a jay to supplicate the Gods,
And made a Polly-theist of a Parrot!

A mere professor, spite of all his cant, is
Not a whit better than a Mantis,—
An insect, of what clime I can't determine,
That lifts its paws most parson-like, and thence,
By simple savages—thro' sheer pretence—
Is reckon'd quite a saint amongst the vermin.
But where 's the reverence, or where the *nous*,

To ride on one's religion thro' the lobby,
Whether as stalking-horse or hobby,
To show its pious paces to "the House?"

I honestly confess that I would hinder
The Scottish member's legislative rigs,
That spiritual Pinder,
Who looks on erring souls as straying pigs,
That must be lash'd by law, wherever found,
And driv'n to church as to the parish pound.
I do confess, without reserve or wheedle,
I view that grovelling idea as one
Worthy some parish clerk's ambitious son,
A charity-boy who longs to be a beadle.
On such a vital topic sure 'tis odd
How much a man can differ from his neighbour:
One wishes worship freely giv'n to God,
Another wants to make it statute-labour—
The broad distinction in a line to draw,
As means to lead us to the skies above,
You say—Sir Andrew and his love of law,
And I—the Saviour with his law of love.

Spontaneously to God should tend the soul,
Like the magnetic needle to the Pole;
But what were that intrinsic virtue worth,
Suppose some fellow, with more zeal than knowledge,
Fresh from St. Andrew's College,
Should nail the conscious needle to the north?

I do confess that I abhor and shrink
From schemes, with a religious willy-nilly,
That frown upon St. Giles's sins, but blink
The peccadilloes of all Piccadilly—
My soul revolts at such bare hypocrisy,
And will not, dare not, fancy in accord
The Lord of Hosts with an exclusive Lord
Of this world's aristocracy.
It will not own a notion so unholy,
As thinking that the rich by easy trips
May go to heav'n, whereas the poor and lowly
Must work their passage, as they do in ships.

One place there is—beneath the burial sod
Where all mankind are equalized by death;
Another place there is—the Fane of God,
Where all are equal who draw living breath;—
Juggle who will *elsewhere* with his own soul,
Playing the Judas with a temporal dole—
He who can come beneath that awful cope,
In the dread presence of a Maker just,
Who metes to ev'ry pinch of human dust
One even measure of immortal hope—
He who can stand within that holy door,
With soul unbow'd by that pure spirit-level,
And frame unequal laws for rich and poor,—
Might sit for Hell and represent the Devil!

Such are the solemn sentiments, O Rae,
In your last Journey-work, perchance, you ravage,

Seeming, but in more courtly terms, to say
I'm but a heedless, creedless, godless, savage;
A very Guy, deserving fire and fagots,—
A scoffer, always on the grin,
And sadly given to the mortal sin
Of liking Mawworms less than merry maggots!

The humble records of my life to search,
I have not herded with mere pagan beasts;
But sometimes I have "sat at good men's feasts,"
And I have been "where bells have knoll'd to church."
Dear bells! how sweet the sounds of village bells
When on the undulating air they swim!
Now loud as welcomes! faint, now, as farewells!
And trembling all about the breezy dells,
As flutter'd by the wings of Cherubim.
Meanwhile the bees are chaunting a low hymn;
And lost to sight th' ecstatic lark above
Sings, like a soul beatified, of love,—
With, now and then, the coo of the wild pigeon:—
O Pagans, Heathens, Infidels, and Doubters!
If such sweet sounds can't woo you to religion,
Will the harsh voices of church cads and touters?

A man may cry Church! Church! at ev'ry word,
With no more piety than other people—
A daw 's not reckon'd a religious bird
Because it keeps a-cawing from a steeple,
The Temple is a good, a holy place,

But quacking only gives it an ill savour;
While saintly mountebanks the porch disgrace,
And bring religion's self into disfavour!

Behold yon servitor of God and Mammon,
Who, binding up his Bible with his Ledger,
Blends Gospel texts with trading gammon,
A black-leg saint, a spiritual hedger,
Who backs his rigid Sabbath, so to speak,
Against the wicked remnant of the week,
A saving bet against his sinful bias—
"Rogue that I am," he whispers to himself,
"I lie—I cheat—do any thing for pelf,
But who on earth can say I am not pious?"

In proof how over-righteousness reacts,
Accept an anecdote well bas'd on facts.
One Sunday morning—(at the day don't fret)—
In riding with a friend to Ponder's End
Outside the stage, we happen'd to commend
A certain mansion that we saw To Let. [grapple,
"Aye," cried our coachman, with our talk to
"You're right! no house along the road comes
nigh it!
'Twas built by the same man as built yon chapel,
And master wanted once to buy it,—
But t'other driv the bargain much too hard—
He ax'd sure-*ly* a sum purdigious!
But being so particular religious,
Why, *that*, you see, put master on his guard!"

Church is "a little heav'n below,
I have been there and still would go,"—
Yet I am none of those who think it odd
A man can pray unbidden from the cassock,
And, passing by the customary hassock,
Kneel down remote upon the simple sod,
And sue in formâ pauperis to God.

As for the rest,—intolerant to none,
Whatever shape the pious rite may bear,
Ev'n the poor Pagan's homage to the Sun
I would not harshly scorn, lest even there
I spurn'd some elements of Christian pray'r—
An aim, tho' erring, at a "world ayont"—
Acknowledgment of good—of man's futility,
A sense of need, and weakness, and indeed
That very thing so many Christians want—
Humility.

Such, unto Papists, Jews, or turban'd Turks,
Such is my spirit—(I don't mean my wraith!)
Such, may it please you, is my humble faith;
I know, full well, you do not like my *works!*

I have not sought, 'tis true, the Holy Land,
As full of texts as Cuddie Headrigg's mother,
The Bible in one hand,
And my own commonplace-book in the other—
But you have been to Palestine—alas!
Some minds improve by travel, others, rather,

Resemble copper wire, or brass,
Which gets the narrower by going farther!

Worthless are all such Pilgrimages—very!
If Palmers at the Holy Tomb contrive
The human heats and rancour to revive
That at the Sepulchre they ought to bury.
A sorry sight it is to rest the eye on,
To see a Christian creature graze at Sion,
Then homeward, of the saintly pasture full,
Rush bellowing, and breathing fire and smoke,
At crippled Papistry to butt and poke,
Exactly as a skittish Scottish bull
Haunts an old woman in a scarlet cloke.

Why leave a serious, moral, pious home,
Scotland, renown'd for sanctity of old,
Far distant Catholics to rate and scold
For—doing as the Romans do at Rome?
With such a bristling spirit wherefore quit
The Land of Cakes for any land of wafers,
About the graceless images to flit,
And buzz and chafe importunate as chafers,
Longing to carve the carvers to Scotch collops—
People who hold such absolute opinions
Should stay at home, in Protestant dominions,
Not travel like male Mrs. Trollopes.

Gifted with noble tendency to climb,
Yet weak at the same time,

Faith is a kind of parasitic plant,
That grasps the nearest stem with tendril-rings;
And as the climate and the soil may grant,
So is the sort of tree to which it clings.
Consider, then, before, like Hurlothrumbo,
You aim your club at any creed on earth,
That, by the simple accident of birth,
You might have been High Priest to Mumbo Jumbo.

For me—thro' heathen ignorance perchance,
Not having knelt in Palestine,—I feel
None of that griffinish excess of zeal,
Some travellers would blaze with here in France.
Dolls I can see in Virgin-like array,
Nor for a scuffle with the idols hanker
Like crazy Quixotte at the puppet's play,
If their "offence be rank," should mine be *rancour?*

Mild light, and by degrees, should be the plan
To cure the dark and erring mind;
But who would rush at a benighted man,
And give him two black eyes for being blind?

Suppose the tender but luxuriant hop
Around a canker'd stem should twine,
What Kentish boor would tear away the prop
So roughly as to wound, nay kill the bine?

The images, 'tis true, are strangely dress'd,
With gauds and toys extremely out of season;

The carving nothing of the very best,
The whole repugnant to the eye of reason,
Shocking to Taste, and to Fine Arts a treason—
Yet ne'er o'erlook in bigoty of sect
One truly *Catholic*, one common form,
At which uncheck'd
All Christian hearts may kindle or keep warm.

Say, was it to my spirit's gain or loss,
One bright and balmy morning, as I went
From Liege's lovely environs to Ghent,
If hard by the wayside I found a cross,
That made me breathe a pray'r upon the spot—
While Nature of herself, as if to trace
The emblem's use, had trail'd around its base
The blue significant Forget-Me-Not?
Methought, the claims of charity to urge
More forcibly along with Faith and Hope,
The pious choice had pitch'd upon the verge
Of a delicious slope,
Giving the eye much variegated scope!—
"Look round," it whisper'd, "on that prospect rare,
Those vales so verdant, and those hills so blue;
Enjoy the sunny world, so fresh, and fair,
But"—(how the simple legend pierc'd me thro'!)
"PRIEZ POUR LES MALHEUREUX."

With sweet kind natures, as in honey'd cells,
Religion lives, and feels herself at home;
But only on a formal visit dwells

Where wasps instead of bees have form'd the comb.
Shun pride, O Rae!—whatever sort beside
You take in lieu, shun spiritual pride!
A pride there is of rank—a pride of birth,
A pride of learning, and a pride of purse,
A London pride—in short, there be on earth
A host of prides, some better and some worse;
But of all prides, since Lucifer's attaint,
The proudest swells a self-elected Saint.

To picture that cold pride so harsh and hard,
Fancy a peacock in a poultry yard.
Behold him in conceited circles sail,
Strutting and dancing, and now planted stiff,
In all his pomp of pageantry, as if
He felt "the eyes of Europe" on his tail!
As for the humble breed retain'd by man,
He scorns the whole domestic clan—
He bows, he bridles,
He wheels, he sidles,
As last, with stately dodgings, in a corner,
He pens a simple russet hen, to scorn her
Full in the blaze of his resplendent fan!

"Look here," he cries, (to give him words,)
"Thou feather'd clay,—thou scum of birds!"
Flirting the rustling plumage in her eyes,—
"Look here, thou vile predestin'd sinner,
Doom'd to be roasted for a dinner,
Behold these lovely variegated dyes!

These are the rainbow colours of the skies,
That heav'n has shed upon me *con amore*—
A bird of Paradise?—a pretty story!
I am that Saintly Fowl, thou paltry chick!
Look at my crown of glory!
Thou dingy, dirty, dabbled, draggled jill!"
And off goes Partlet, wriggling from a kick,
With bleeding scalp laid open by his bill!

That little simile exactly paints
How sinners are despis'd by saints.
By saints!—the Hypocrites that ope heaven's door
Obsequious to the sinful man of riches—
But put the wicked, naked, barelegg'd poor,
In parish stocks instead of breeches.

The Saints!—the Bigots that in public spout,
Spread phosphorus of zeal on scraps of fustian,
And go like walking "Lucifers" about
Mere living bundles of combustion.

The Saints!—the aping Fanatics that talk
All cant and rant and rhapsodies highflown—
That bid you balk
A Sunday walk,
And shun God's work as you should shun your own.

The Saints!—the Formalists, the extra pious,
Who think the mortal husk can save the soul,

By trundling, with a mere mechanic bias,
To church, just like a lignum-vitæ bowl!

The Saints! the Pharisees, whose beadle stands
Beside a stern coercive kirk,
A piece of human mason-work,
Calling all sermons contrabands,
In that great Temple that 's not made with hands!

Thrice blessed, rather, is the man with whom
The gracious prodigality of nature,
The balm, the bliss, the beauty, and the bloom,
The bounteous providence in ev'ry feature,
Recall the good Creator to his creature,
Making all earth a fane, all heav'n its dome!
To *his* tuned spirit the wild heather-bells
Ring Sabbath knells;
The jubilate of the soaring lark
Is chaunt of clerk;
For Choir, the thrush and the gregarious linnet;
The sod 's a cushion for his pious want;
And, consecrated by the heaven within it,
The sky-blue pool, a font.
Each cloud-capp'd mountain is a holy altar;
An organ breathes in every grove;
And the full heart 's a Psalter,
Rich in deep hymns of gratitude and love!

Sufficiently by stern necessitarians
Poor Nature, with her face begrimed by dust,

Is stoked, coked, smoked, and almost choked; but must
Religion have its own Utilitarians,
Labell'd with evangelical phylacteries,
To make the road to heaven a railway trust,
And churches—that 's the naked fact—mere factories?

Oh! simply open wide the Temple door,
And let the solemn, swelling, organ greet,
With *Voluntaries* meet,
The *willing* advent of the rich and poor!
And while to God the loud Hosannas soar,
With rich vibrations from the vocal throng—
From quiet shades that to the woods belong,
And brooks with music of their own,
Voices may come to swell the choral song
With notes of praise they learn'd in musings lone.

How strange it is while on all vital questions,
That occupy the House and public mind,
We always meet with some humane suggestions
Of gentle measures of a healing kind,
Instead of harsh severity and vigour,
The Saint alone his preference retains
For bills of penalties and pains,
And marks his narrow code with legal rigour!
Why shun, as worthless of affiliation,
What men of all political persuasion

Extol—and even use upon occasion—
That Christian principle, conciliation?
But possibly the men who make such fuss
With Sunday pippins and old Trots infirm,
Attach some other meaning to the term,
As thus:

One market morning, in my usual rambles,
Passing along Whitechapel's ancient shambles,
Where meat was hung in many a joint and quarter,
I had to halt awhile, like other folks,
To let a killing butcher coax
A score of lambs and fatted sheep to slaughter.
A sturdy man he look'd to fell an ox,
Bull-fronted, ruddy, with a formal streak
Of well-greased hair down either cheek,
As if he dee-dash-dee'd some other flocks
Besides those wooly-headed stubborn blocks
That stood before him, in vexatious huddle—
Poor little lambs, with bleating wethers group'd,
While, now and then, a thirsty creature stoop'd
And meekly snuff'd, but did not taste the puddle.

Fierce bark'd the dog, and many a blow was dealt,
That loin, and chump, and scrag and saddle felt,
Yet still, that fatal step they all declined it,—
And shunn'd the tainted door as if they smelt
Onions, mint sauce, and lemon juice behind it.

At last there came a pause of brutal force,
The cur was silent, for his jaws were full
Of tangled locks of tarry wool,
The man had whoop'd and bellow'd till dead hoarse,
The time was ripe for mild expostulation,
And thus it stammer'd from a stander-by—
"Zounds!—my good fellow,—it quite makes me—why
It really—my dear fellow—do just try
Conciliation!"

Stringing his nerves like flint,
The sturdy butcher seized upon the hint,—
At least he seized upon the foremost wether,—
And hugg'd and lugg'd and tugg'd him neck and crop
Just *nolens volens* thro' the open shop—
If tails come off he did'nt care a feather,—
Then walking to the door, and smiling grim,
He rubb'd his forehead and his sleeve together—
"There!—I've *con*ciliated him!"

Again—good-humouredly to end our quarrel—
(Good humour should prevail!)
I'll fit you with a tale
Whereto is tied a moral.

Once on a time a certain English lass
Was seized with symptoms of such deep decline,

Cough, hectic flushes, ev'ry evil sign,
That, as their wont is at such desperate pass,
The doctors gave her over—to an ass.

Accordingly, the grisly Shade to bilk,
Each morn the patient quaff'd a frothy bowl
Of asinine new milk,
Robbing a shaggy suckling of a foal
Which got proportionably spare and skinny—
Meanwhile the neighbours cried "poor Mary Ann!
She can't get over it! she never can!"
When lo! to prove each prophet was a ninny
The one that died was the poor wetnurse Jenny.

To aggravate the case,
There were but two grown donkeys in the place;
And most unluckily for Eve's sick daughter,
The other long-ear'd creature was a male,
Who never in his life had given a pail
Of milk, or even chalk and water.
No matter: at the usual hour of eight
Down trots a donkey to the wicket-gate,
With Mister Simon Gubbins on his back,—
"Your sarvant, Miss,—a werry spring-like day,—
Bad time for hasses tho'! good lack! good lack!
Jenny be dead, Miss,—but I 'ze brought ye Jack,
He doesn't give no milk—but he can bray."

So runs the story,
And, in vain self-glory,
Some Saints would sneer at Gubbins for his blindness—
But what the better are their pious saws
To ailing souls, than dry hee-haws,
Without the milk of human kindness?

ODE

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF CLAPHAM ACADEMY.*

Ah me! those old familiar bounds!
That classic house, those classic grounds
  My pensive thought recalls!
What tender urchins now confine,
What little captives now repine,
  Within yon irksome walls!

Aye, that's the very house! I know
Its ugly windows, ten a-row!
  Its chimneys in the rear!
And there's the iron rod so high,
That drew the thunder from the sky
  And turn'd our table-beer!

There I was birch'd! there I was bred!
There like a little Adam fed
  From Learning's woful tree!
The weary tasks I used to con!—
The hopeless leaves I wept upon!—
  Most fruitless leaves to me!—

* No connection with any other Ode.

The summon'd class!—the awful bow!—
I wonder who is master now
And wholesome anguish sheds!
How many ushers now employs,
How many maids to see the boys
Have nothing in their heads!

And Mrs. S * * * ?—Doth she abet
(Like Pallas in the parlour) yet
Some favour'd two or three,—
The little Crichtons of the hour,
Her muffin-medals that devour,
And swill her prize—bohea?

Aye, there 's the playground! there 's the lime,
Beneath whose shade in summer's prime
So wildly I have read!—
Who sits there *now*, and skims the cream
Of young Romance, and weaves a dream
Of Love and Cottage-bread?

Who struts the Randall of the walk?
Who models tiny heads in chalk?
Who scoops the light canoe?
What early genius buds apace?
Where 's Poynter? Harris? Bowers? Chase?
Hal Baylis? blithe Carew?

Alack! they 're gone—a thousand ways!
And some are serving in "the Greys,"

And some have perish'd young!—
Jack Harris weds his second wife;
Hal Baylis drives the *wayne* of life;
And blithe Carew—is hung!

Grave Bowers teaches A B C
To Savages at Owhyee;
Poor Chase is with the worms!—
All, all are gone—the olden breed!—
New crops of mushroom boys succeed,
"And push us from our *forms!*"

Lo! where they scramble forth, and shout,
And leap, and skip, and mob about,
At play where we have play'd!
Some hop, some run, (some fall), some twine
Their crony arms; some in the shine,
And some are in the shade!

Lo there what mix'd conditions run!
The orphan lad; the widow's son;
And Fortune's favour'd care—
The wealthy born, for whom she hath
Mac-Adamised the future path—
The Nabob's pamper'd heir!

Some brightly starr'd—some evil born,—
For honour some, and some for scorn,—
For fair or foul renown!
Good, bad, indiff'rent—none may lack!

Look, here 's a White, and there 's a Black!
And there 's a Creole brown!

Some laugh and sing, some mope and weep,
And wish *their* frugal sires would keep
Their only sons at home;—
Some tease the future tense, and plan
The full-grown doings of the man,
And pant for years to come!

A foolish wish! There 's one at hoop;
And four at *fives!* and five who stoop
The marble taw to speed!
And one that curvets in and out,
Reining his fellow Cob about,—
Would I were in his *steed!*

Yet he would gladly halt and drop
That boyish harness off, to swop
With this world's heavy van—
To toil, to tug. O little fool!
While thou canst be a horse at school
To wish to be a man!

Perchance thou deem 'st it were a thing
To wear a crown,—to be a king!
And sleep on regal down!
Alas! thou know'st not kingly cares;
Far happier is thy head that wears
That hat without a crown!

And dost thou think that years acquire
New added joys? Dost think thy sire
More happy than his son?
That manhood's mirth?—Oh, go thy ways
To Drury-lane when ——— *plays*,
And see how *forced* our fun!

Thy taws are brave!—thy tops are rare!—
Our tops are spun with coils of care,
Our *dumps* are no delight!—
The Elgin marbles are but tame,
And 'tis at best a sorry game
To fly the Muse's kite!

Our hearts are dough, our heels are lead,
Our topmost joys fall dull and dead
Like balls with no rebound!
And often with a faded eye
We look behind, and send a sigh
Towards that merry ground!

Then be contented. Thou hast got
The most of heaven in thy young lot;
There's sky-blue in thy cup!
Thou'lt find thy Manhood all too fast—
Soon come, soon gone! and Age at last
A sorry *breaking up!*

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

Oh, when I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,
  My mates were blithe and kind!—
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
  To cast a look behind!

A hoop was an eternal round
Of pleasure. In those days I found
  A top a joyous thing;—
But now those past delights I drop,
My head, alas! is all my top,
  And careful thoughts the string!

My marbles—once my bag was stored,—
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,
  With Theseus for a taw!
My playful horse has slipt his string,
Forgotten all his capering,
  And harness'd to the law!

My kite—how fast and far it flew!
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew
  My pleasure from the sky!
'Twas paper'd o'er with studious themes,
The tasks I wrote—my present dreams
  Will never soar so high!

My joys are wingless all and dead;
My dumps are made of more than lead;
  My flights soon find a fall;
My fears prevail, my fancies droop,
Joy never cometh with a hoop,
  And seldom with a call!

My football 's laid upon the shelf;
I am a shuttlecock myself
  The world knocks to and fro;—
My archery is all unlearn'd,
And grief against myself has turn'd
  My arrows and my bow!

No more in noontide sun I bask;
My authorship 's an endless task,
  My head 's ne'er out of school:
My heart is pain'd with scorn and slight,
I have too many foes to fight,
  And friends grown strangely cool!

The very chum that shared my cake
Holds out so cold a hand to shake,

It makes me shrink and sigh:—
On this I will not dwell and hang,
The changeling would not feel a pang
Though these should meet his eye!

No skies so blue or so serene
As then;—no leaves look half so green
As clothed the play-ground tree!
All things I loved are alter'd so,
Nor does it ease my heart to know
That change resides in me!

Oh, for the garb that mark'd the boy,
The trousers made of corduroy,
Well ink'd with black and red;
The crownless hat, ne'er deem'd an ill—
It only let the sunshine still
Repose upon my head!

Oh, for the riband round the neck!
The careless dog's-ears apt to deck
My book and collar both!
How can this formal man be styled
Merely an Alexandrine child,
A boy of larger growth?

Oh, for that small, small beer anew!
And (heaven's own type) that mild sky-blue
That wash'd my sweet meals down;
The master even!—and that small Turk

That fagg'd me!—worse is now my work—
A fag for all the town!

Oh, for the lessons learn'd by heart!
Aye, though the very birch's smart
Should mark those hours again;
I'd "kiss the rod," and be resign'd
Beneath the stroke, and even find
Some sugar in the cane!

The Arabian Nights rehearsed in bed!
The Fairy Tales in school-time read,
By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun!
The angel form that always walk'd
In all my dreams, and look'd and talk'd
Exactly like Miss Brown!

The *omne bene*—Christmas come!
The prize of merit, won for home—
Merit had prizes then!
But now I write for days and days,
For fame—a deal of empty praise,
Without the silver pen!

Then home, sweet home! the crowded coach—
The joyous shout—the loud approach—
The winding horns like rams'!
The meeting sweet that made me thrill,
The sweetmeats almost sweeter still,
No 'satis' to the 'jams!'—

When that I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blithe and kind!
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
To cast a look behind!

A MORNING THOUGHT.

No more, no more will I resign
My couch so warm and soft,
To trouble trout with hook and line,
That will not spring aloft.

With larks appointment one may fix
To greet the dawning skies,
But hang the getting up at six
For fish that will not *rise!*

ON THE ART-UNIONS.

That picture-raffles will conduce to nourish
Design, or cause good coloring to flourish,
Admits of logic-chopping and wise sawing,
But surely Lotteries encourage Drawing!

END OF VOL. II.

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